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"They keep high watch and ward"

Painting by JOHN ALLCOT.
of H.M.A.S. Sydney in action

Does YOUR memory let you down?

Why you forget

- You don't pay attention, so your mind makes a most defective record.
- You have other things on your mind, so information goes in one ear and out the other.
- You don't want to remember, so your subconscious mind helps you forget.

Was that date with Mary to-night—or last night?

"I forgot"... the excuse nobody takes

"I've got a memory like a sieve!"

Do you take refuge in that convenient but most unconvincing phrase when embarrassed by the discovery that you've forgotten an appointment, a name, a face?

IT'S terrible to think of the strain your memory lapses put on the goodwill of people around you.

Your face may be red with shame when an irate friend tries to ask acidly why you didn't meet her as arranged for luncheon, but it won't be half as red as hers was at the end of half-an-hour's wait outside the cafe.

The jokes you tell over and over while long-suffering acquaintances bite back the retort "That's the third time" do

nothing to help you win friends and influence people.

Your conversation about films is probably punctuated with "I forget the name of the picture," and "That tall blonde, you know, not Ann Southern, but someone like her..."

You're the "forget about books; you remember that George Bernard Shaw said something absolutely priceless about marriage, but just at the moment you can't recall what it was."

After a while people begin to shun you for that sort of conversation. It's as bad as the things your best friends don't tell you about.

And maybe the neighbors in your block of flats know you for an inveterate "Could-you," meaning that

your visits to them begin:

"Could you possibly oblige me with an egg—I forgot to put eggs on my shopping list."

You ponder on the curious fact that in spite of these mysterious lapses you have quite an impressive memory for your friends' birthdays, their phone numbers and addresses, and the dates of the parties you are going to next month.

You get alarmed when you find the chief at the office has to remind you about the phone call he asked you to make or when you get into a row for forgetting to deliver an urgent message to him.

You begin to write things down—and then forget to look in your notebook.

You try tying string round your finger and forget why you did.

You try learning off magic words and phrases as keys to things you wish to remember, and then you forget how the keys work.

Relax—you're not getting senile, losing your grip or suffering from mental weakness.

Most of us are doing just what you're doing, and we're causing an awful lot of irritation and inconvenience as we go.

ALL the psychological bigwigs in the world have pondered on this problem of forgetfulness, and the results have been a fine crop of theories, some too complex for lay understanding, others so over-simplified that common sense rejects them.

Having tried the string and the magic words, you know you need more than magic for this job.

You might take comfort in the fact that the great brains of the world are notoriously subject to memory lapses. There are no jokes older than the long, long series about absent-minded professors.

A man who could quote you the most complex mathematical formulae would probably look completely blank if you asked him his car number. Police say high-pressure business men rarely know that figure.

Maurice Evans, the actor, who tosses off a five-hour performance of the full-length Hamlet without faltering, quite forgot the guests he invited to Christmas dinner, and so ate alone an hour before they arrived on his doorstep.

Now if you were going to make an honest excuse for missing your appointment instead of merely claiming that your memory is bad, you might say one of these three things:

"I wasn't paying attention

when I made the appointment."

"I had too much else on my mind, and that's why I forgot."

"I didn't want to come."

Those are the three main causes of memory lapses. Try some mental discipline to overcome them.

The first excuse simply means that when you made the appointment you spoke the words and heard the answer, but you didn't record the conversation mentally.

Recording means accurate observation; you don't only see and hear what is going on, but you analyse and classify what you see and hear.

Thus, you would make the appointment, think over whether it really fitted in with your week's plans, note that it would be the day after Mary's party and the day before your first-aid class.

Such thought makes for good recording, and that is the first step towards reproducing what you've recorded just when you want to reproduce it—otherwise remembering.

The second excuse also is made because of defective recording, but instead of mere inattention the cause is divided attention.

A university student ardently in love may sit through a lecture, may answer or ask questions, and still emerge from her class with absolutely no recollection of the proceedings.

Her mind was too busy with affairs of the heart; it had no interest in recording the lecture.

The third excuse is the one most rarely made, but the one most frequently true.

We actually do forget most of the things we don't want to remember.

Maybe you were a little tired of your friend who was apt to become tedious with long dissertations on her dress problems. Subconsciously you pushed the appointment out of your mind.

Darwin admitted that when he was developing the theory of evolution he found that when he came across published facts or observations opposed to his researches he had to make a memorandum of them or they'd slip right out of his mind.

So if the man in your life slips up on an appointment, watch him carefully and prepare to make a graceful exit. When he forgets a date, it's possible he'll soon forget you...

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. ALICK McLEAN
War relief

"FUNDS for comforts for Australian and New Zealand forces," says Melbourne-born New York banker, Mr. Allick McLean, prime mover in organising an Anzac War Relief fund in U.S.A. Mr. McLean is president of the Australian Society of New York, composed of Australians living in America, which sponsored the fund.



MISS ISOBEL WRIGHT
New Zealand barrister

BRILLIANT young lawyer Miss Isobel Wright, daughter of Mr. A. F. Wright, New Zealand barrister, was first woman barrister admitted in Canterbury, N.Z.

At present she is at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, as holder of the Ivy Williams law scholarship. She is president of junior common room, a tennis "blue," and member of the Royal Air Force Women's Auxiliary.



MR. PERCY GRAINGER
Musical museum

FIRST of its kind in Australia is the musical museum built and endowed by Mr. Percy Grainger at Melbourne University. "To house and exhibit musical material of historic interest," says the famous Australian composer and pianist.

Data on the development of music in Australia receives special attention.

Make this a page from your life



Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love-story of her own. To the girl who would win such happiness, natural beauty is not so essential as the art of appearing fascinating and well-cared for. And what helps more than a satin-smooth skin! Even an ordinary complexion takes on a clear and lovely tone with Erasmic Face Powder—so fine and diaphanous is this heavenly aid to loveliness. And as you continue to use it, the fragrance of Erasmic will come to seem an inseparable part of you.

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E3276

He flew Haile Selassie to Egypt



LEFT — Emperor Haile Selassie. Australian Guy Menzies flew him to Egypt.

Guy Menzies, Tasman hero, figures in new adventure

"We didn't know anything about Guy's flight to Egypt with the Emperor of Abyssinia until we read it in the papers. Guy is always like that.

"It was the same when he crossed the Tasman for the first time," said Miss Kathleen Menzies, of Drummoyne.

She had just heard the news that her brother, Squadron-Leader Guy Menzies, had been the pilot who took Haile Selassie to Egypt in a bid for the throne of Abyssinia and to liberate his country from the Italian conquerors.



SQUADRON-LEADER Guy Menzies. He is with Coastal Command Sunderlands. Germans call the planes "flying porcupines."

"As long as I can remember, Guy has been mad on speed and has sprung surprises on the family," said his pretty, blonde sister, Kathleen.

Kathleen is secretary of the Lord Mayor's Fund Younger Set, and is engaged to a R.A.A.F. recruit.

"The flight with Haile Selassie was a surprise. We had letters this week posted in Alexandria, but he made no mention of why he was there.

"In fact, though he is a very good correspondent, his letters rarely say anything at all about the war.

"He always remembers all our birthdays, which we think is very good.

"He and my brother Ian were the family terrors. My sister Betty and I were not often included in their dare-devil adventures. They were much too 'tough' to let sisters trail round with them.

Loved speed

"WHEN he was still at Sydney Grammar School, Guy was given a motor bike. His reckless riding made him the envy of all the small boys in the district.

"At about the same time that Guy became the proud owner of a motor bike a certain 'Keith McKay' became a competitor in the dirt track motor cycle racing at the Show-ground.

"Keith McKay' disappeared from racing circles after a bad spill on the track. Father and mother, who had been at the motor cycle races, and the battered 'Keith McKay' (our Guy) arrived home at Drummoyne simultaneously.

"Guy trained as an aviator with the Royal Aero Club of N.S.W., secured his 'A' licence in 1928, and obtained his passenger-carrying licence and commercial licence in 1929.

"A few weeks after his lone flight to New Zealand he left for England to join the R.A.F.

"I didn't see him again until a couple of years ago, when I had a trip to Singapore, where he was stationed for several years," said his sister.

Squadron-Leader Menzies' brother Ian, who shared his youthful exploits and saw him off to New Zealand, is now with the R.A.A.F. at Pt. Cook, in Victoria. His youngest brother, Bruce, is a medical student at Sydney University.

"Yes, we're all very proud of Guy. I think mother worries about him.



GUY MENZIES as a boy. He loved speed and danger.



KATHLEEN MENZIES, Guy's sister, is engaged to a R.A.A.F. recruit.

though she never says so," said Kathleen.

Guy Menzies was married in London on April 12 to Mrs. Marcia Grundy, a pretty English girl whom he met several years ago.

"The Emperor of Abyssinia gave Guy a gold watch for his wife as a memento of the flight to Egypt. Marcia is at present living in South Wales and writes to us frequently," concluded Kathleen.

THICK - SET, good - looking

Guy Menzies has been christened Australia's "Wrong-way Corrigan."

Nearly ten years ago, when he was twenty, he made preparations for an "attempt to fly to Perth" in the sports Avian that had been Kingsford Smith's Southern Cross Junior.

At Mascot he handed his brother Ian several letters for his mother and friends, with instructions that they must not be opened until he had taken off.

The few spectators were amazed to see the plane do a graceful right bank and then turn eastward. They expected him to make a circuit of the aerodrome before turning west.

When the letters were opened it was found that he had flown not west, but east over the Tasman Sea.

The news was flashed to New Zealand and excitement spread through that Dominion when it was heard that a plane was on the way from Australia.

Because of the mystery surrounding the pilot's identity the excitement was increased by rumors that it was "Smithy" who was on the way making a second flight.

Conquered Tasman

TWELVE and a half hours later a dishevelled young man climbed out of a plane that had turned over in a swamp near Hokitika, in New Zealand.

The 1235 miles of the Tasman had been flown for the first time solo.

There was only one reason for the secrecy. The lad knew that many people would have tried to dissuade him from what was undoubtedly a hazardous, dare-devil exploit.

The keeping of such a tremendous secret was proof that

along with his recklessness this young Australian had strength of purpose and a resolute will.

Squadron-Leader Menzies is the eldest of the five children of Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Menzies, of Drummoyne.

The flight to Egypt was part of an amazing three-months' performance by the R.A.A.F. flying-boat squadron, a performance without equal in the R.A.F.

This unit has been christened the "flying porcupines" by German Air Force officials, and has flown 2450 flying hours in fourteen weeks.

In the last four weeks they flew 750 hours, the greatest flying record of any squadron in aviation history.

Another of the pilots, Flight-Lieut. J. A. ("Dickie") Cohen, of Sydney, flew the British Commander-in-Chief (Lord Gort) and the Minister for Information (Mr. Duff Cooper) to Morocco on June 25 after the collapse of France.

The squadron's operating zone is from Gibraltar to the west coast of Scotland.

The odd Pence

Have you ever stopped to think about the power of a penny? It won't even pay a tram fare... yet it is the coin upon which small fortunes are based. Pennies saved quickly make interest-earning pounds. Instead of spending pennies carelessly, put them aside—and open an account in the Commonwealth Savings Bank. Start "thinking in pennies" and the Savings Bank can help you to be free of the fear of poverty.

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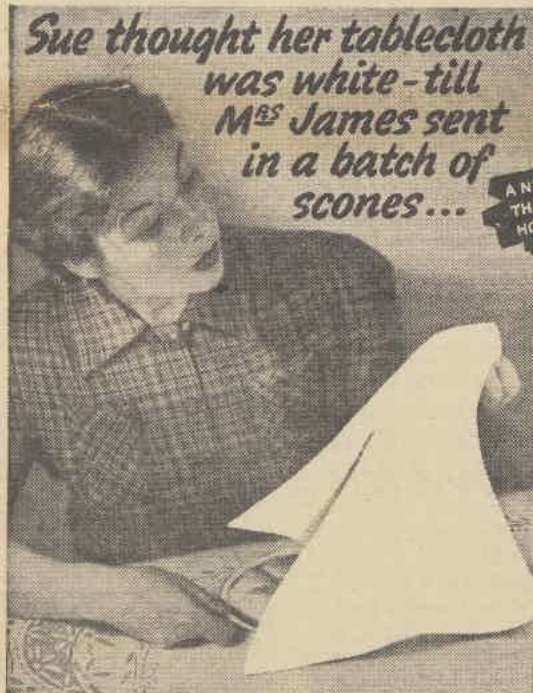


MR. AND MRS. WENDELL WILLKIE, with their son Philip Herman, in the family yacht.

AUSTRALIA'S BUSIEST WASHER

Now in 2 homes out of 3. And every wash-day still more women start using PERSIL

Sue thought her tablecloth was white—till Mrs James sent in a batch of scones...



A NEIGHBOURLY ACT THAT PUT ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE ON TO PERSIL

1. "BEATS ME how you manage to get such lovely whites," said Sue when she took the snowy napkin back. "You'd find it easy enough with Persil, my dear. And you'd save all that rubbing." And over a cup of tea Mrs. James told her the easy Persil way to do the whole family wash. So...



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There are no two ways about it—when once you've seen true Persil whiteness, all other whites look grey and sorry. And Persil, with its famous oxygen action, gives the same grand results all through the wash—with cherished colours, woollies, flimsy silks. For the oxygen that makes Persil thorough makes it gentle too. Like fairy hands, those tireless oxygen bubbles carefully surge sud through your clothes. They search out the dirt, shift the stains, make every thread sweet and clean. And do it all without hard rubbing, without a pennyworth of extras. That's why two housewives out of three won't face washday without their Persil.

Do try it. When you see how easy Persil washing is, you'll never think of using any other method.

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2. PERSIL next week for Sue! A little doubtful—till she saw those grand results. Well, you can judge her lovely colours for yourself. And the whites came up like snow—stains simply disappeared. Yet how gentle Persil was—with clothes and hands.



3. SUE CELEBRATES most Monday afternoons at the pictures now. Only a Persil user could feel so fresh after a wash like hers. Nowadays she trusts even her cherished silks and woollies to Persil.

P.7.17

This man will fight Roosevelt for Presidency of U.S.A.

By Beam Wireless from our New York Office

America's big business men are busy betting—betting on Wendell Willkie, the man who will oppose Franklin D. Roosevelt for the presidency of the United States.

Willkie is one of them—head of a colossal electricity corporation. He has declared himself "not a professional politician but a business man."

THERE'S no doubt that Wendell Willkie wants to be President of the United States.

"I'm young, I'm in good health and it's a great job. Who wouldn't like a chance at it?" he asked.

He's 48 and he just loves his new-found fame as Republican candidate for the highest office in all America. He does in fact retain a small-town tendency to be dazzled by success.

Accepting nomination for Democratic candidate, President Roosevelt said that defeat would mean the leadership passing into inexperienced, even untried, hands.

It was a shrewd thrust at a time when America is torn by conflicting ideals and loyalties, not unmixt with fear.

Behind Roosevelt there's a family tradition of leadership and seven years' personal service.

Behind Willkie there's big business, a reputation for rebellious tendencies, and an avowed concern for the welfare of the common citizen.

The man has a homely aura. We say here he works on Wall Street but thinks and talks like Main Street. He's neither humble nor proud.

He doesn't see himself deprecatingly as a mere political sprit being asked to challenge the Roosevelt whale. He believes he has proved his capacity.

Yet though one of the most important industrial executives in the States you can get in to see him as easily as if he were an eager car-sales manager.

HE doesn't like authority when it gets round to being a bit autocratic.

There is background to this dislike for authority and the rebellious streak it brings out.

All four of his grandparents were Germans (the original name was Willeke) and they fled to America from their homeland after the rebellion of 1848 when, apparently, they were on the wrong side of German autocracy.

His parents, children of these refugees, brought him up hating Prussianism and oppression and loving freedom and independence.

It was a lively household with six

children and 6000 books, a lawyer father who woke his family in the morning with shoutings, delivered crescendo, from the classic poets, and a mother, also a lawyer, the first woman ever admitted to the Indiana Bar.

Intellectual visitors thronged the house—Willkie dinners were one long debate.

Out of this home with its intense mental stimulation, young "Win" Willkie turned out to Indiana University and soon became the college radical and orator.

He used to ramp around the campus in a red turtle-necked sweater chewing tobacco. He was disastrously untidy.

This indifference to appearance hasn't changed. His wife and his male secretary plead with him, but he still smacks of small-town Indiana rather than exclusive New York tailoring.

He prefers double-breasted jackets and willfully leaves them unbuttoned.

He props his feet on a desk, wraps a leg over a chair, preserves his midland twang.

Willkie enlisted on April 6, 1917, the day the United States declared war on Germany.

He came back after the armistice and resumed his law practice, and put his flair for oratory to good use in persuading Miss Ethel Willkie, a young librarian, to go to the altar with him.

Willkie was held up in a blizzard and arrived for the wedding two days late with a frozen bouquet and the pretty story goes that Ethel, nevertheless, carried that bouquet up the aisle.

They have a son, Philip, 20 years old, at Princeton.

Willkie's a man with a round genial face. He reads unceasingly, goes in for scholarly investigations of 18th century history, and enjoys fishing, farming, and talking.

He has been up to his neck in politics for some time fighting Roosevelt's New Deal.

He likes facts, and doesn't come to decisions with the aid of his feelings but by using his brain.

He has publicly acknowledged the politically unpopular fact that the United States have a stake in the continued freedom of Britain.

He has yet to prove what he'll do to help preserve that freedom.



"There's a great change coming in your life," he said, studying her cup.

Beware of a Dark Woman

She scoffed at the prediction in her teacup—then strange things began to happen.

DONT cry, Miss Burleigh," Oliver Patton said comfortingly. "I was only fooling. I love you, I'm going to forget that film star. What is she to me? Would she marry me on fourteen a week? She would not. She'd be an awful fool if she did! Her salary—"

"Oliver," Allison Burleigh interrupted the flow of eloquence in a tone of exquisite patience. "I thought you had gone home."

It was after hours. She was alone in Mr. Pentris's glass-walled office. All was darkness except for the lamp that threw a cone of light on Allison's dark red head, her pale face, and tear-reddened eyes.

She was not crying now, she was smiling defiantly at the young man who was half-standing, half-seated on the edge of her desk, as he lit a cigarette and looked quizzically at her over his shoulder.

"No, but why were you crying?" he persisted, more seriously.

"I really," answered Miss Burleigh, with frankness, "couldn't tell you."

"Just blue, huh?"

He was only nineteen; she was twenty-eight. He was just an unbroken young cub of a clerk who did not count at all in her scheme or on the staff of the big magazine. But Allison was feeling desperately lonely and forlorn to-night, and she had to turn to someone. If no one else offered except this fresh idiot of a boy, she must hope to get from him that human sympathy without which

she could not live for another hour. She addressed him almost sulkily.

"Oliver, why don't you go home when you're supposed to?"

"Because I'm going to the fights with Mr. Pentris to-night."

Sudden interest warmed the girl's look. A twinge of jealousy stirred unrecognised within her.

"Why does he go to the fights? He doesn't seem like a man who would go to fights."

"He's writing an article on boxing for the November issue."

"November! This is March."

"That's the way he works," Oliver offered.

"You needn't tell me how he works," Allison said proudly. After all, she had been Lawrence Pentris's secretary for four months.

"Do you like him, Miss Burleigh?" the boy asked curiously.

"Like who?" she asked in return, with the look of one brought back from far thoughts.

"Mr. Pentris."

"Oh? Why, of course I like him," Allison said, in a sensible voice. "He's extremely nice, always. He's reserved, you know."

"He asked me to go to the fights with him to-night. I think that was nice of him. He's old—well, not exactly old. But I mean my father knows him," Oliver said.

"He's thirty-five," Allison said it briefly, without expression. She rose, opened a drawer containing her bag and gloves, began to move towards the door. "He asks this—this kid to go out with him," her

thoughts ran in a bitter flood. "He takes Ollie Patton to the fights with him. Well, perhaps he thinks he couldn't take a girl to the Garden. But he could take me somewhere. Or somebody could—somebody could! But no. I'll go back to Mrs. Johnson's. We'll have fruit cup, cutlets, stewed tomato, cottage pudding. I wish the whole place had burned up to-day. At least I'd have to go to some other room to-night! I wish something, anything, would happen to—"

What did you say, Oliver?" she interrupted herself to ask impatiently, for they were descending in the elevator now, and he was talking.

"I said that I had to meet Mr. Pentris at eight, and it's almost seven now, and would you come to Childs with me and have something to eat?" the boy asked. She looked at him gratefully.



Illustrated
by
UNK WHITE

Alison stood at the window looking down at the city.

"I don't know how you can at your age. Anything can happen to you. You can cross the ocean as a purser, go on a cattle boat; you can roam around nights, looking for adventures. Things happen," Allison concluded simply, "to boys."

"You mean you'd like to do that sort of thing?" Their sandwiches and tea had arrived now, and they were busily eating. The girl raised unsmiling eyes.

"I mean I'd like to do anything. I'd like to live," she confessed, a little ashamedly. "I'd like to feel—everything. Fear and excitement and responsibility, and—well, and love."

She looked at him, awaiting his laugh. But he did not laugh. He

was being kind. He knew how drab, how unlighted by romance, her days in the office were. And he knew that she saw through his generous pretence now. Quite suddenly the air of the restaurant seemed to suffocate her; she needed to be alone, in the dark, walking off this tumbling mood of self-pity and stupidity.

But he hadn't finished his dinner. "Oh, listen, I'm having rhubarb pie!" he said aggrievedly, as she made a little stir to leave. "Wait a few seconds, can't you? It's only just half-past. Looky, I'll tell your fortune!"

He picked up her drained cup. A few tealeaves clung to its inner sides; the tiny gauze bag that had held them had broken and they had drifted free. The boy studied them, frowning.

"Look, there's a great change coming in your life," he said. "Trouble—a law court—are you going to sue somebody? I think it's a lawsuit—anyway, you're in court. And a death. That's death, that two-pronged thing right at the top. And here's a man—you've got to beware of a dark woman!"

"Man, you mean, don't you?" She had succumbed to the irresistible; she was leaning forward in fascination and amusement; he saw the dancing light of her dark lopax eyes.

"Do you know you're beautiful, Miss Burleigh?"

"Yes, of course. But go on. Beware of a dark man, must I?"

"No, woman. The branch down means a woman."

"But you said a man."

Please turn to Page 34

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"You're very kind, and I will," she answered gently, clearing his throat.

"Sure. Why not?" he said. He was embarrassed by her honesty; during their casual office friendship, when he had been noisy and fresh, and when she had scolded him in big-sister fashion, they had never talked to each other so frankly before. "You'll—things'll happen," he added, uncomfortably.

"Oh, I suppose so," Allison said, hating herself for troubling him. There was nothing this good-natured kid could do about it all. "One has these moods," she said lightly. "There are times when you feel yourself completely superfluous; there are times when you wonder why you're alive at all!"

To her exasperation tears had come into her eyes again, although she was trying to smile.

He looked at her respectfully. "I know how you feel."

THIS Little PIG

Complete
Short
Story

THE plane was leaving Croydon at half-past eight, with Sandra on board—Sandra Kerrion, who had never flown before, who had never been out of England in her life.

The wild excitement which awakened her at crack of dawn was not due entirely to the early plane, but to Paul Canzonet, who would also be in the party.

Even in sleep, in dreams, Sandra had not for one moment really lost the vision of Paul.

It did not seem possible that Paul could love her as deeply, as passionately as she loved him. The perfect moment had not yet arrived for him to tell her so—if he ever wanted to.

But Sandra did know, quite definitely, that he liked her, that he had liked her ever since that first night of their introduction.

And then, pointedly, he had asked her to join a supper-party, where he had introduced her to Mr. and Mrs. Browne, who had, presumably at his instigation, suggested that she should join the party they were arranging for the very special cruise to the Mediterranean.

A very special cruise. By air to Paris and Marseilles, and then, next morning, to go on board a liner bound for Naples and Venice, the Dalmatian coast, and Piræus for Athens.

It was the thought of Paul, even more than her passionate desire to travel, that had persuaded Sandra to beg for an extended holiday from the office and to squander such an enormous chunk of her savings on fares and a suitable outfit.

Now all that remained was to eat her breakfast, if eating were possible in this fever of anticipatory delight, and call her taxi.

The telephone shrilled out suddenly from the floor below. Paul, possibly, thought Sandra, as she flew down the stairs, ringing to make sure that she was up and ready.

Then she picked up the receiver to hear the agitated voice of her brother George announcing that Peggy, his wife, had been taken ill suddenly during the night with acute appendicitis, and had been rushed to a nursing home.

Could Sandra possibly come? urged George. He couldn't get anyone to look after the children at such short notice.

GEORGE remembered vaguely that it was Sandra's holiday, but he didn't seem to appreciate that she was going abroad. He knew, of course, and said, that it was a lot to ask of her, but he was at his wife's end, and what could he do? He'd got to turn up at the office, whatever happened.

"Hold the line!" Sandra gasped feebly, while she leaned against the wall and battled with herself.

It was cruel, unjust, unspeakably unfair. She must get to Croydon. She couldn't give up her precious holiday for which she had worked so hard. George couldn't expect it of her—oughtn't to have asked it of her.

But George did expect, did ask; George was waiting, fuming, at the other end of the telephone. And Sandra knew, deep in her disappointed heart, that she would have to go. No voyage—not even a voyage round the world would still the nagging, accusing pain of having left four young children desolate and uncared for.

So here she was, standing in the guestroom at Rose Cottage, a guest-room which bore a forlorn look of unpreparedness, with its empty flower vases and its bed not made up and covered with a dust sheet.

The children clustered in the doorway, watching her with grave, serious eyes, as though they were mentally summing up her inade-

Sandra was still singing the child to sleep as Paul came in the door.

quacy as a substitute for their mother and passing unfavorable judgment.

Ian, aged ten, had met her at the gate and had manfully shouldered her suitcase and carried it up the stairs, with Rosemary, one year his junior, going before them to do the honors. Patricia, a pale, thin child, with a heavy fringe of dark hair which made her look older than her six years, stood holding little Kenneth by the hand, keeping him protectively behind her skirts, as though to defend him from any unwarranted assault which this unfamiliar aunt might make upon him.

Kenneth was not quite three, and round and cherubic, with a tangle of golden hair and misty blue eyes, not at all unlike Sandra's own.

Suddenly Patricia opened her lips, which had hitherto remained obstinately pressed together.

"Auntie Sandra," she demanded, "have you come to stay a long time?"

"Quite a nice long time," said Sandra with forced brightness.

"How long?" persisted Patricia inhospitably, disregarding the shocked expressions on Ian's and Rosemary's faces.

"I'm not quite sure," said Sandra. "A whole week, anyway. Perhaps two weeks, or even three." Her heart sank. Her holiday! Her lovely precious holiday! Surely George would do something—engage a temporary Nannie or put the children in a nursery-home. But George never had much spare cash; he didn't earn a large salary, and heaven only knew what Peggy's illness was going to cost.

"We only had bread an' marmy for breakfast," Patricia announced solemnly. "No porridge."

"Patricia!" admonished Rosemary

in a scandalised, elder-sisterly manner. "Fancy thinking of things like porridge when Mummy's so ill. You're greedy."

"Mummy cried—out loud," said Ian in an awed voice.

Kenneth's face puckered. All the morning he had been conscious that something vaguely terrible had gone wrong with his little world. Now, deep in his baby heart, he felt the first aching realisation of the truth.

The corner of his mouth went down. "I want Mummy!" he wailed.

"Oh, Mummy, Mummy!"

For one short second Sandra hesitated. This was what she had been dreading most of all. She loved children, but she was not used to them, and she hadn't the first notion how to cope with them when they were unhappy.

Swiftly she caught up the weeping Kenneth and sat down with him on her knee.

"Mummy's coming back—quite

lovely!" Patricia held out a pair of thin brown arms. "Can I hold it, please?"

The removal of the nightie revealed a brochure bearing a gay reproduction of an ocean liner on the cover, which was instantly pounced upon by Ian.

"Oh, Auntie, is that your boat?" Ian's eyes glowed. "What a whopper!"

"It was my boat," mourned Sandra's heart inwardly. "Oh, Paul! Paul!"

Would he get her hurried message at Croydon?

It was full moon to-night, she remembered with anguish, and if Paul wanted to gaze on any moonlit

to have brought one really useful garment with her.

"See if you can find one of Mummy's aprons for me, Rosemary, there's a darling," she requested. "And now we'll all go downstairs and get dinner ready. I shouldn't wonder if we didn't have to make some jam tarts, and perhaps a big pie. And this afternoon, if it keeps fine, we'll all go out together and have a picnic tea. Won't that be fun!"

It really was fun, on the whole, if Sandra hadn't felt rather weary after cooking and clearing away, and cutting round after round of bread and butter ready to pack into the basket which Ian held so obligingly.

It might have been more sensible if she had refused the children's eager request to go for their picnic to Whippet's Mill, over two miles up a long winding lane.

They set out in the early afternoon, with Sandra pushing the battered folding pram, now practically discarded by Kenneth except for long-distance treks, but useful on occasions like this for conveying the tea-basket as well.

On reaching the old disused water-mill, Sandra settled herself comfortably under an oak-tree, prepared to spend a dreamy afternoon while the children ran about and played.

It would be the best part of a month, she thought drearily, before she saw Paul again, that was, if he remembered her at all, and sought her out when he came back. She wondered idly whether he was fond of children. But she couldn't, somehow, imagine the immaculate Paul in a home where children romped and shouted, and upset gravy over the tablecloth, as Patricia had done at dinner-time.

She looked up at that moment to see her own four particular pets in imminent danger of falling into the mill-pond.

Please turn to Page 30

By DORIS CREESE

soon, Kenneth, and Auntie San's going to stay until she does come. Now you help Auntie San unpack her bag and just see what we can find inside."

She stretched out her free hand and clicked open the catches of her suitcase. Kenneth drew a deep breath, and paused, open-mouthed, in the middle of a wail. Then he wriggled off her lap, and stood, wide-eyed, while Sandra raised the lid and revealed her specially selected holiday negligee.

She looked up to find Patricia's brown eyes fixed on her rapturously. "Oo, Auntie San! Isn't that

city, the eldest Miss Browne would doubtless be only too delighted to keep him company.

The eldest Miss Browne had been the one who had shown the least marked enthusiasm when it had been suggested that Sandra should join their party.

Rosemary was watching her sympathetically.

"I'll hang up your frock, Auntie San," she offered helpfully.

Sandra jumped to her feet and gave herself a little shake. She must get busy, she determined, looking down at her new suit and reflecting ruefully that she didn't seem



WYNNE
DAVIES

Confucius Said It First

He acted on sudden impulse. Then in a flash he was caught up in the toils of a sinister mystery.

IM a kind of freelance scribe. I pick up things, odd things, here and there, stick 'em down, and sometimes sell 'em. What I take to be my best stuff is the hardest to sell.

Queer how things happen! One minute they're all dull, drab, uninviting, then of a sudden it's different. It's no use trying to track down the unexpected—you'll never locate it that way—much better keep your ears and eyes open, your mouth shut, and cultivate observation all round you. Also keep moving—you've got to meet it half way.

That's how I came to meet Hong Lee.

It was in the Surrey Commercial Docks—always a likely spot if the pores of your mind are open—where the big freighters congregate when they come in from the high seas.

I was looking pretty tough sitting there on one of the big, cast-iron mooring bollards, and the Ocean Friend lay snuggled up, her lines taut. She was just in from the Far East, a big, squat, ugly chunk of steel sitting deep in the water. Her lower line of ports was at the level of my shoulder. It seemed she had just tied up. Her skipper and supercargo were doubtless ashore with the company's marine superintendent in a big warehouse close by, and a Customs House officer lounged about not too far from her gangway. The rest of the crew were still aboard.

I was aware of a row of men leaning over her starboard rail, when there came a low voice just in front of me, and in one of the portholes was framed a face I shall never forget.

A wide crack of mouth, slant eyes black as night, a fringe of black hair, curly only at the tips, on the chin; oily, yellowish skin; baldish, flat, straggling moustache. Might be any age between thirty and fifty—you can't tell with those Indo-Chinese. The face hung framed in the brass hasting of the porthole.

Well, he looked at me, taking me, of course, for a dock rat, and I at him, and all of a sudden I felt I'd struck something. Just tripped over it, so to speak. Anyway, his eyes closed till they were merely slits and over his face came that unreadable half-smile you see on the ancient statues of Buddha—or Krishna—in the jungle behind Saigon. He was sizing me up.

"You like make five pounds?"

The voice was a sort of squeak, but very clear. The lips did not move perceptibly, but the eyes had opened a little. At the same time his head stuck out more, neck twisting, so that he could see the Customs officer near the gangway. He looked amused, but very much in earnest.

"Sure!" I said. "What's your name?"

"Sam. Your name?"

"To-day it's John Smith; might be something else to-morrow."

This exchange deceiving neither of us, seemed satisfactory, and he gave a nod.

"You know Old Joe's?"

I did know it, most interesting pub south of the river. Tough—yes—tough, but as Joe puts it, he's responsible to his customers if not for 'em. I've seen a man plank down a year's pay on Joe's counter, and say, "Let me know when it's run out." He'd get his money's worth, too. A lot of undercurrents at Joe's, but it's wisest to sit tight and let them run. You may pick up



"I didn't wait, but slunk away, leaving him lying there."

something, and you may not. Never saw a white collar there in my life, or any evidence of "negative emotions" either.

"In Deptford Road," I said. "Who doesn't?"

"To-morrow night at nine—you meet me. Catch! Don't open—very dangerous to open."

For an instant the head disappeared. A small packet gyrated out. I caught it. The head was in its frame again.

"Very dangerous to open," he repeated; then vanished.

He was just in time; the Customs man turned and began to stroll towards me. He'd seen nothing. I looked up at the rail again, wondering if anything had been observed from there. Couldn't be sure of that. One man, a Lascar, from his build, had his brows pulled down, and was staring at me in a fashion I didn't fancy. So I walked off, passed the time of day with H.M. Customs, and got through the gates without trouble. The packet seemed to weigh a ton.

Round the first corner I examined it: four inches square, six long, in coarse silk with a big wax seal carrying an odd impression. Tied up with sisal, too heavy to be dope, too light to be a bomb; it had a faint

aromatic smell of sandalwood. I shook it, but nothing rattled. On one side what must be an address in Chinese characters painted with a fine brush. That beat me.

Well, I took it home, and thought matters over. Probably I should have turned back, handed it to the Customs man, and cleared out. I thought of a lot of things—thought of having it X-rayed but that would have given the show away and caused awkward questions. And if I hadn't turned up at Joe's the next night it might have prevented murder. But, as I said, you never can tell.

BETWEEN half-past eight and nine I must have walked past that pub a good many times. Kept moving and watching. Usual crowd rolled in; usual noise rolled out. Night was dark and rainy. Gas lamps down there. The place was stuffed with hard-bitten humanity, and buzzed like a hive.

Just after nine a figure loomed up beside me.

"Allo, John Smith!"

He hadn't made a sound, and how he got there I don't know. He was in a long loose-sleeved coat, round, closely-woven straw hat,

shaped like a flattened cone, that seemed to be waterproof, and soft shoes of yellow leather. His hands were stuck into opposite sleeves like muffs.

"Hullo, Sam!" said I, and waited.

He looked round very carefully, saw no one, then came close:

"The parcel—yes—you have it?"

Now, I hadn't the parcel. "Not quite as green as that," I'd said to myself, and hidden it in my room. I'd no intention of coming to Joe's with perhaps five thousand pounds worth of rubies—it's generally rubies or emeralds—in my pocket, and take the chance of a knife in my ribs from someone who was on to Sam's little game; and examining his face I was glad. Even more villainous than before, I thought. I was ready to take him to my rooms—they were off the King's Road in Chelsea—get the fiver, hand over the packet, and that was all. Even then I was leaving myself open to possible consequences. Matter of fact, I knew I'd made a mistake.

"No," I said, "it's not here, but I'll take you to it."

"S-s-s-a-so!" it was like the hiss of a snake.

In that moment I could see he hated me, and the more because he believed his own judgment to be at

COMPLETE
SHORT STORY

by...

ALAN
SULLIVAN

fault; faith in his own perception had been shaken, and I was the instrument.

"It is better so," I explained quickly, "and much safer. Come and get it."

"Where?"

I told him, longing to get out of Deptford as soon as possible, and aware that he suspected me of collusion with the police. "There are no tricks in this," I said seriously, "and I have not opened it. Come and you shall have it."

Something must have reassured him: he gave a dignified bow, and his expression changed.

"John Smith," he said gravely, and with a quality of speech he had not used before. "I think it is now the truth that you tell me. Also I think that something may happen soon, very soon, and I am not to live much longer, for there is a man called Harree who, in ignorance, greatly desires that packet. If I do not reach your home, you will take it to Sing."

Now, as I explained before, it's what you haven't expected or even looked for that gets you, and so it came. Quickest thing I ever saw, yet as far as I could tell we were standing alone, and the street for a moment empty, but just in that second when Sam pronounced the word "Sing" a shadow seemed to detach itself from a wall and glide forward, push out an arm with something that glittered in the gaslight, then drift on without

sound or speech like one of the actors in the diminuendo of a dream. He had the cat-footed step of a Lascar. Sam gave one sharp exclamation of surprise, followed by a long-drawn "A-a-a-ah!" and fell on his face, with the knife handle sticking from under his left shoulder-blade. I never saw a man die more quickly!

I didn't wait, I suppose I'm a coward, but not quite a fool. Would you have waited? I dared not run, but walked faster and faster, not up the Deptford Road and past Joe's, but into a narrow street where the lamps were far apart and no one about, then right and right again back to the road, where I boarded a tram and sat in a cold sweat, eyes down, feeling that everyone was staring at me. What ran through my head like a hot wire was that if I'd done as I promised it might have saved a life.

I've admitted to being a coward but not a fool, yet that night I wasn't so sure. No sleep for me. There was Sam with the knife in his back; I saw the vanishing shadow, heard my own steps up that deserted street; the packet under the mattress felt like a spike. Was I to sit tight and wait, or go straight to the police? Was I to dub myself a smuggler—perhaps of dope? I knew what I ought to do, but when it came to the scratch I wasn't there.

An account of the discovery of Sam's body appeared in the noon papers. Not a clue! The police desired to communicate with anyone who was in Deptford Road, near a public-house known as "Old Joe's" between eight-thirty and nine-fifteen the previous night, so he must have been found a few minutes after I cleared off. The dead man had been identified as a coal-trimmer who had shipped on the Ocean Friend at Port Arthur in Southern Manchuria. Same thing on the air that evening.

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Illustrated by Santry

"Then it is only because I am a woman they consider I cannot be a good surgeon?" she asked.

NURSE SANDERSON, in charge of the children's ward, had a generous Scotch cynicism about doctors in general, and about women doctors in particular. She had no use for them, any more than she had use for male nurses. Neither fish, fowl, nor flesh, she summed them up contemptuously. Men ought to be doctors, and women ought to be nurses, and if they weren't good enough or too good, as the case might be, they might better be something else entirely.

She admitted but one exception to her rigid distinctions. This morning at her desk in the hall outside the ward she glanced at her watch and decided that it must be a little late, for Dr. Ferris was never late.

At the same instant the elevator door clanged on the floor below, and Jennie Sanderson, with a grunt of satisfaction, picked up her assembled charts and record books. She would have staked her professional reputation that Dr. Ferris would be on that car. Her personal reputation wouldn't have been worth staking, for ten years of hospital with two days a month off gave one scant time to build up any emotional implications in one's own life. Men were afraid of her, and her nieces called her an old maid.

Miss Phillips, very imposing in crackling starches, rustled past im-

portantly on her way to the operating room. "Waiting for the big moment?" she queried slyly.

"I don't smooze," Nurse Sanderson answered under her breath. They always teased her, and said she had a crush on Ferris. She didn't have a crush on anybody, she wasn't that sort of freak by a long shot, but she did have an unbridled respect for a competent physician, and by the same token it made her sick to see the flutter that went the rounds when that pompous hand-holder, Bates, entered the hospital.

How anybody could be fool enough to fall for eyeglasses on a string, and white facings on a vest, was more than she could see. She'd never forgotten the time that Bates had slipped his hands under the edge of his waistcoat, preparatory to rocking on his heels and giving forth some weighty opinion like, "Well, yes

and no," or, "I should say it depends largely on the circumstances." He'd got only one rock in, and then had pricked his finger, his precious surgeon's finger, and howled like a baby and run off to put iodine on it. It served him right—it was a woman's trick to go around all pinned up, and Jennie Sanderson had small patience with fussy women, much less fussy men.

The elevator door opened, and she straightened to attention, her flat-heeled shoes supporting her square sturdy body to the style of an army sergeant-major. Dr. Margaret Ferris stepped off the car. "Well, thanks for the good wishes anyway," she called back to someone in the elevator.

Nurse Sanderson surveyed her, and found her, anew, the sensible kind of woman that met with her complete approval. Not one of those mannish

types that get mixed up in medicine, nor yet one of the soft variety that always checked out when the going got hard. Good to look at—stunning even, in her well-cut suit and smart felt hat. You couldn't have told she was a doctor—she might have been a society girl, or just a girl, or even a wife. Nurse Sanderson's quick female eye discerned immediately the soft deep wave in Dr. Ferris' ash-blond hair. So that was the reason she had been late this morning to the point of being on time. Well, and why shouldn't a woman have her hair done? Nurse Sanderson demanded angrily of the universe.

"Good-morning," she snapped.

"Good-morning. Gorgeous day—or haven't you seen it?"

"Haven't seen it."

"Well, take my word for it, it is—it made me want to play hooky."

"There's plenty plays it. "Consul-

tation out of town.' Mighty queer how many people get sick at Meadowbrook on nice days."

"I think I'll take up golf, too," Dr. Ferris acknowledged the time-worn hospital jibe. "How's everything in the ward?"

"The Kelly boy calmed down pretty good after you left him last night. Leldecranz, or whatever his name is, still has his rash and his nasty habits, and little Joey's doing fine. The newcomers are just this and that—one from the district nurse, that needs food and soap. What's the idea, anyway, shoving in these day-nursery and settlement-house cases on us?"

"I'll go over the youngster—and better make it the usual."

Nurse Sanderson jotted a hieroglyphic on the chart. Translated it meant "dismiss the case at five pounds increased weight and a clean scalp." She swung the door of the ward open.

The Kelly boy was sleeping quietly within the screened-off enclosure, with the connections for the oxygen machine still tucked under the bed.

"Close call," Dr. Ferris commented, looking down on him. "It's always a race when pneumonia and malnutrition get together."

"He'll need a lot of milk and eggs and vitamins thrown into him," Nurse Sanderson offered glumly.

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OUR NEW SERIAL

WOMEN in WHITE

By Franken Meloney

FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 10, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

GALA GOWNS for DEBS.

Youthful styles with
just a touch of
sophistication.

• For her first ball—a
Winterhalter model in
dazzling white linen
vivified with riotous
bands of hectic-red
velvet. (Right.)

• A slim, nipped-in
bodice of navy-blue
tulle, with huge shoul-
der bow, provides color
contrast to the flowing
red crepe skirt. (Left.)

• Designed for willowy
nymphs—slinky, navy-
blue tulle with a wide
flounce of pastel-blue
cotton lace, and a
matching ruffle topping
the bodice. (Left.)

• An Old-World gown
with an engaging story-
book charm. Made of
crisp, white muslin with
off-the-shoulder neck-
line, long, full sleeves,
and trim of bright
velvet. (Right.)



COATS . . . with a flare

• The ever-popular beige camel hair gains fashion heights with a swing skirt and upstanding, stitched collar. For a final fillip, cinnamon-brown accessories. Left.

• Hartnell's coat in green boucle, its flattering fullness disciplined at the waist with a casual self tie. The tiny flat collar of Persian lamb matches up with the off-the-face toque. Above.

• Dashing Margette's coat in pink and brown checked tweed, featuring back fullness flowing from the low-set waistline. Topped by a high-soaring pink felt hat edged with brown. Centre.

• A magnificent coat of clipped beaver with tailored top and double swing skirt. Molyneux further enhances it with a high-soaring beaver fez. Lower left.

• A youthful saunter style from Bruyere. Designed in brown tweed, it achieves back fullness from an inverted pleat swinging out from the yoke. An astrakhan collar buttoned high. Lower right.



Consider your . . .

SPRING WARDROBE

• SENT FROM LONDON BY MARY ST. CLAIRE



THE spring fashion trend is one of classic simplicity. The latest models have that young and schoolgirl appeal that most women find irresistible.

②

AT LEFT: For the first breath of spring—Paquin's youthful "bracer" frock in bright navy wool crepe with a navy-and-white printed marocain blouse. With it a tiny navy felt hat laden with pique narcissi.



A CHARMINGLY CASUAL FROCK designed by Matita in navy hopsac linen with wide contrast bands in china-blue and rose-pink.

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 2/6. Send now for a free self-measurement chart.



FROM SPECTATOR SPORTS comes this effectively simple style in pumpkin-yellow sheer wool. Huge, buttoned pockets and a slightly bloused bodice provide fashion interest.

To pick one or even several dresses to wear this summer out of an array so rich would be a tax on a master mind. It's like trying to pick the best orchid from a conservatory full of prize specimens.

A little inventory of your body lines, a memorandum of climatic conditions ahead, and a determination to choose dresses that will abet your personal charm and daintiness will be assets to take along on your shopping-tour.

One of the first factors to consider in such decisions is a little added comfort, which will, you can be sure of it, augment the charm of your appearance. Steer clear of skin-fitted waists. Choose easy skirts no matter where you live, skirts you can move gracefully in, even though they seem straight and undeviating to the eye. You can, of course, have skirts as full as you like this summer.

Chosen for comfort

LOOK well at the sleeves of the dress you select, and make sure the armholes do not bind movements, and if they're short, or moderately full, your sleeves will be more comfortable and therefore more attractive.

Color in your spring dress deserves attention. If you choose printed silk you may wear black with white, navy with white, or brown with white, and look dainty and fresh. Red with white is delightfully cool looking in hot weather, and gay, too. Nothing is more attractive than clear green with white.

In a one-color dress you may choose any clear color, a beige, grey, blue, or a pretty pastel. Sheer black spiced with pink, vivid blue, or white is practical and appetizing in a summer dress. So is sheer navy.

All white is, of course, enchanting, but only when it's immaculate, and that isn't easy if you go to business, but that one white dress in a summer wardrobe, a washable dress, does wonders for any woman.

YOU WON'T HAVE RHEUMATISM IF —



Rheumatism is due to a blood condition. If you have a tendency to acidity you are liable to it. There is a simple prescription for this. Acids accumulate in the blood when the liver is lazy and the kidneys sluggish. To tonic the liver and make the kidneys active there is nothing better than *Kruschen Salts*. As the label shows, this is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy. It is a combination of six salts. Doctors are familiar with the action of these salts, have been prescribing them for years. They stimulate the liver and kidneys to cleanse the blood. Acid in the blood is dissolved, washed out. A pinch of *Kruschen* every morning in hot water or tea is an excellent preventive. Sufficient to keep many people free from rheumatism altogether. A half or full teaspoonful is advised in obstinate cases.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH



KRUSCHEN

Take *Kruschen* in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K4-1940

Fashion PATTERNS

Special Concession Pattern

Three classic daytime styles. Sizes, 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust.

No. 1.—Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 2d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, at under:

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PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F3138—Simple frock with double-swing skirt and wide shoulders. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3141—A sporty style with square neck and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3161—High-waisted frock with gathered bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3146—Youthful design with gathered top and whirling skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F3157—Swing-skirted style with delicate lace yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. lace. Pattern, 1/6.

F3191—A charming new blouse style to wear under spring suits. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3178—Dainty style with contrasting yoke and cuffs. 10-16 years. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• **INDOOR GAMES** for Sir Piers Mostyn, Bart., and his young sister, Margaret. Just arrived from England with their mother, Lady Mostyn, to live in Sydney.



• **KENNETH BURNETT** helps his bride get a firm grip on the knife cutting the cake at their wedding reception at Elizabeth Bay House. She was Betty Pryce Jones.



• **COMPETENT DRIVERS** Shirley Arnott and Joyce Dickson get certificates for transport work. Both members of Women's Flying Club transport section.



• **BLONDE MARY SINCLAIR** crowns in aid of Air Force Comforts Fund at cocktail party at Rose's restaurant.

Full house at G.H. . . .

SIMPLY all the best people—500 of them—flock to Government House for concert in aid of Victoria League club for overseas service men in London.

Practically all furniture has to be moved out to accommodate 500 guests. Overhear Peter Lubbock saying, "Afraid chairs are so close some will scrape their knees." We do, but no one seems to mind, even after paying one guinea a seat, for it swells the coffers for men on service.

First of the 500 present arrive at 7.15, one hour and a half before concert starts.

Henrietta Loder takes the honors among best-dressed younger ones with lovely ice-blue marquisette frock, bodice and waistline sewn with silver-beaded feathers. Diana Downes charming, too, in rust slipper satin. Betty Cape, who weds Lieut. Stephens this Wednesday, wears bouffant pink moire.

Buffet supper on carpeted verandahs gives better opportunity of spying who's present. See the Keith Storeys, Faith Onslow, Noreen Dangar, Shirley Poynter, Helena Teece, Elizabeth Rabett.

Bride in tweeds . . .

IT'S a tweed suit and brown felt hat instead of white satin and tulle for 21-year-old Elizabeth Bronner this Tuesday morning when she weds Corporal Don Reid.

Libby and Don both South Australians . . . bride well known as the youngest woman pilot ever to obtain an "A" licence in Australia. That was four years ago.

Don is better known in Sydney as brother of Peter, who is best man, and Phyllis Malcolm Reid.

Host of interstates invited to Usher's Hotel this Monday for cocktail party, which takes place of wedding reception. Guests include the Arnold Reids, Douglas Reids, Mrs. Sydney Ayers, Mrs. John Ayers (all from Adelaide), and Dr. and Mrs. Ian Pender (Melbourne).

More mufti . . .

IT'S mufti also for Joan Herman this Thursday for her wedding with Harry Wright . . . blue wool sheer ensemble with super mink collar. Ceremony attended only by families is to be at Joan's home, 13 March Street, Bellevue Hill. Then cocktails for 70 at Elizabeth Bay House.

Joan's sister Madge is bridesmaid and Gordon Halls, of Grenfell, best man.

In midst of pre-wedding parties and trousseau buying, bride-elect searches for flat as future home. Finds it at Vauchuse, adjoining the Beazleys.

In mothers' footsteps . . .

THERE'S great excitement in very young social doves. Big Doings are being planned for August 24 on the Bill Crossings' tennis court. It's to be a garden-party arranged and directed by young hopefuls of well-known social mammas to raise funds for Air Force House.

Judy Crossing is taking over the hoopla. Her sister Jann the jumble stall, Susie Watt is doll making, Barbara Rose and Susan Potter are concentrating on sticky toffees and other sweets—all ably assisted by their nannies.

Building castles . . .

DROP in to say "Welcome home" to Lady Mostyn at Australia Hotel. Find her surrounded with flowers and Sydney friends in one room, and her children, Piers and Margaret, next door building castles and forts with cards.

Heard there was chicken-pox epidemic on ship en route from England, so ask Lady Mostyn if children succumbed. "Did they what?" she chuckled. "Piers started it. And was he unpopular when everyone had to go ashore for four days at one port while ship was fumigated!"

The Mostyns have taken a house in St. Mark's Road, Darling Point. Children will go to school here.

Merry-go-round . . .

SCARLET patent-leather horses, three feet high, catch my eye when I enter Elizabeth Bay House for Merry-go-round Party . . . discover them to be another example of Mrs. Ernest Watt's artistic talent. Cut out on the dining-room floor at home.

Party aptly named. Guests go round and round from one game to another, dancing between times, for hours. Proceeds for Air Force House.

Mrs. Darrell Hall and brother-in-law Colin in charge of fishing game. Reg Bettington and Jimmy Bancks, race game; Lady Walder, darts.

Among the 300 are Lady Reading, Mesdames John Brunton, Warwick Fairfax, Noel Heath, Doug Levy, Betty Godsall, Roslyn Dangar.

Fifty guineas . . .

FIFTY guineas more for Australian Army Medical Corps . . . result of card party at Forum Club arranged by Centennial Park sub-committee. Congrats. to committee—Mesdames C. L. S. McIntosh, L. E. Ellis, John Findlay, Hugh Macken. Mrs. Findlay is lucky winner of war savings certificates given as prize.

Players include two regular supporters, Mrs. Herbert Field, sen., and Mrs. Leonard Abrahams. Mrs. Field presents £10 weekly to fund as result of card parties held at her home.

Just in time . . .

MRS. BRIAN HAYNES (d'you remember, she was "Pussy" Catts) returns after five years abroad just in time for her sister Margaret's wedding with Don Stephens on Thursday. To make sure of being in time, "Pussy" (christened Isabel) leaves ship in Melbourne to come overland. She is showing small daughter Margaret Mary to admiring family for first time.

Heard around town . . .

SURPRISE of the week . . . Wedding of Dorothy Wrigley and Angus Macpherson.

Latest news from Countess Moltke (former Barbara Holmes, of Bathurst) says that she was entertaining at dinner at her Copenhagen home when Germans entered the town.

And seen . . .

ELEGANT London visitor Mrs. Tim Gardiner wearing full-sleeved black taffeta coat and small white hat trimmed with red flowers for luncheon at Australia . . . hostess to Mrs. O. E. Friend, Jean Friend, Jean Ramsay, Jocelyn Poynter.



• **PIANIST EUNICE GARDINER** is amused at her first attempt at drawing. "Do I really look like that?" she asks of her self portrait at Primitives' Exhibition.



• **SIGNALLING** is important business at W.A.N.S. camp . . . Roshind Barraclough and Nelva Goldsmith hard at work.



• **JACK CRAWFORD** listens while Nancy Burleigh talks . . . subject is Lord Mayor's Younger Set plans.



• **MRS. HEDDLE NASH**, who has just arrived in Sydney with her husband, famous English lyric tenor.

Friday night is Amami night



Shampoo IN LUXURY!

FOR AN EXPERT HAIR-SET

You can make fashionable waves and curls at home! It's so easy with a few drops of Amami Wave Set. Follow the simple directions enclosed with every bottle, and you'll quickly have the lovely setting you desire.

AMAMI WAVE SET

If you have difficulty in obtaining Amami products, please write Geo. Ripley & Co. Pty. Ltd., Macdonell House, Pitt St., Sydney.

It costs very little to keep your hair fresh, fragrant and really lovely to look at. Simply shampoo regularly with the world's luxury shampoo—Amami. No. 1 for brunettes. No. 2 for blondes. If you prefer a liquid shampoo, get the best—Amami Liquid Sensitive Shampoo.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS



It's easy to keep lovely surfaces smooth and gleaming with Old Dutch Cleanser. It whisks away greasy film and dirt, dirt and stains—and it doesn't scratch like sandy, gritty cleaners, because it's made with Seismitite. You'll like the One-Two Cleaning Action of Old Dutch: 1—cuts grease quickly; 2—makes your cleaning easier. Try Old Dutch to-day!

BARGAINS IN LOVELY SILVERWARE

4 TEASPOONS for 3/6 and 2 OLD DUTCH LABELS

Typical of the values Old Dutch offers you are these four Al Heavyweight Silver Teaspoons, made by Viner & Hall Ltd., Sheffield, the world's premier cutlery and silversmiths. Send for them to-day and ask your grocer for full illustrated list of other offers!

CUDAHY & CO. PTY. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.
Please send me 4 Silver Teaspoons as advertised. I enclose 3/6 Postal Note and the Windmill panels from 2 Old Dutch labels.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

D 79-16

Women in White

Continued from Page 8

THEY moved slowly through the ward. Little Joey was the last on the list. He lay on his pillow, looking like a small, beautiful Arab in his white bandages. Dr. Ferris studied him closely, and then glanced at his chart. Temperature down. Hemoglobin count up. She sat down beside him and lifted his limp little paw, her knowing fingers encircling the child's pulse. "How's the boy this morning?"

"I feel fine, Doc."

"You look fine. Head behaving? Hurt much?"

"It ain't nothing. I don't mind it much."

"Well, soldier, I think we'll have a go at it to-morrow, and you'll be as good as new in no time—like one of those five-ton trucks your father fixes down at the machine shop."

"All right, Doc." His hand continued to cling to hers. "You're goin' to be with me, ain't you?"

"I'll be with you. That's a promise."

Nurse Sanderson drew out a form for operation. "Joey Pinello," she filled in, and checked swiftly the details of birth, parenthood, and purity of blood of Benni Pinello's youngest son; then the notation "mastoid," and a careful copying of Dr. Ferris' detailed diagnosis. When she came to the blank for surgeon, she stopped, and made a clucking noise with her tongue. What a fool she was to have let it slip her mind.

This was the great day—this was the day when the doctor's name was to come up before the board for the appointment of attending surgeon.

No wonder she'd had her hair waved. Nurse Sanderson grinned. "I plumb forgot. Congratulations," she whispered.

"Oh don't!" Dr. Ferris protested. "I'm superstitious."

At noon the call announced for the clinic blared out a summons for Dr. Ferris. Margaret lowered her stethoscope from a skinny little chest, heartbreakingly like a bluefish, and hurried to the desk.

"What was it?" Sandy hissed when she returned.

Margaret tried to keep her voice from trembling. "Miss Pritchard. Dr. Hausmann wants to see me in his office when the clinic's over—"

"What'd I tell you? You've got it!" "Oh, hush... I might..."

But in her heart she knew, by all that was fair and right, that the appointment belonged to her. Her knees felt watery beneath her. She had dreamed and dreamed, and now she was on the threshold of achievement, and it was a little too much to bear.

When she reached Dr. Hausmann's office, his secretary, Miss Pritchard, looked up from her desk. "Good morning, Dr. Ferris. Dr. Hausmann's on the phone. He'll be ready for you in a moment."

She was too nervous to take a seat, and idled about the room. There was an old-fashioned group photograph hanging on the wall. Heidelberg or the Berlin Hospital, she surmised, and tried to pick out Dr. Hausmann. Her gaze went back and forth among the group in an effort to reduce the thin, distinguished figure she knew to the unformed shape of youth. At last she found him—all but unrecognisable beneath magnificent tucks of moustache. It had been a long road, halfway across the world and half across a lifetime, to a position where a word of approval from him was like an accolade of honor to any younger physician.

Her father, on his monthly trips to New York, had once seen Hausmann operate and had talked of it for a year afterward. And then that day in medical school, when she had first attended his lectures, it had been like touching some projection, some stream of tradition of the science to which she had given herself. But it had taken five years of hard work before there had been a nod of recognition from the great surgeon. And long months after that she had received a brief note, informing her of her appointment to Children's Attending. It was only a few short weeks ago that the real miracle had happened—he had stopped her outside the clinic.

"Good diagnosis, good surgery, in the Miller appendectomy, Dr. Ferris. I'm putting your name up for Attending Surgeon." He had grunted gruffly, and hurried on, fearing that she might dissolve in womanish gratitude. But she had only stared after him, filled with the silence of a deep humility. Good diagnosis, good surgery. In all the world of academy awards and Nobel prizes, those phrases from Hausmann were a nonpareil diploma of competence. It was something to build on, something to aspire to.

Dr. Hausmann dropped the switch on his desk phone, and said shortly, "Send in Dr. Ferris." He never allowed the personal to impinge on the professional in his life. He was not going to allow it to do so in this instance.

He watched her walk across the room. "Sit down." His voice was halfway between invitation and order.

Margaret Ferris sat down.

Even in such an anxious mood, she had time to give an appreciative glance at the quaint contradictions of the room that stamped this man as out of the ordinary—an ornamental foreign mirror, flowers and little knick-knacks in place of the usual businesslike cases and instruments of the orthodox doctor's surgery.

"The hospital board saw fit to deny my recommendation of your appointment to surgery. They appointed Dr. Bates to the post."

Bluntness was a habit he had long tried to control, and had never controlled. He recognised his source, and had a contempt for it. He was soft and hated to hurt people, with the result that when he had to hurt them he could never do it with the softness that was part of him. Often he tried to justify his manner by telling himself that the quick, clean cut hurts least.

Dr. Ferris took it well, with her single reaction an involuntary rise to her feet. He regarded her with interest. He liked what he saw, and at the same time he didn't like it, it confused him. As she stood there, she might have been stirred with passion, instead of the disappointment and defeat he knew her to be suffering.

"I should like to know one thing," she asked in a low voice.

"I SHOULD like to know many," Dr. Hausmann dryly returned. "But ask. Perhaps I can tell you."

"Was the post denied me because of professional qualifications?"

"No. It was denied you because you are a woman."

The hurt expression about her eyes faded, and in its place burned anger and resentment. "Because I am a woman, is it a necessary conclusion that I cannot be a good surgeon?"

"In the minds of some, yes."

"And in yours—?"

"You seem to forget that it was I who proposed your name for appointment. But even so—" Dr. Hausmann paused, his voice pitched to an unuttered reservation.

"Yes," she prompted levelly.

"To be frank, I too have questions. First, why are you a doctor—?" He raised his hand as she started to speak. "No, let me clear the way to an honest answer. To earn a living? I don't believe it. There are easier ways. To serve humanity? The stuff of bad novels. To serve science? Ah, now we are closer to the real issue. But that kind of service is a disease. It is an ultimate kind of possession—at times almost a perversion. Women know that possession in the love of a man. There are some, of course, who are not wholly women, who have not the beauty, the charm, the essential womanliness to command great possession from a man, and who, instead, go out into the professions. But you, my dear, present a different picture."

Please turn to Page 16



Marvellous Testimony

Every sufferer from ill-health should read this remarkable letter of a woman's fight to get well.

"Just this time last year I was about at the end OF MY TETHER, so to speak: I am a married woman of thirty-six years, four children in many years, and financial worries during their infancy contributed to make me a PHYSICAL WRECK. Adding to my troubles was a viciously INCREASING WEIGHT accompanied by EXCRUCIATING JOINT PAINS, PERPETUAL BACKACHE, and increasing and progressive NERVE PAINS all over the body. I took endless patent medicines, kidney pills, nerve tonics, etc., without the slightest relief. Following a shock occasioned by loss of home by fire, and upon thereto, my symptoms became intensified until I was PRACTICALLY HELPLESS, only being able to use my hands for about two hours during the day. SLEEP WAS HOPELESS, and I WAS DESPERATE. My poor children WERE BADLY NEGLECTED, and I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF AT ALL. A Doctor TREATED ME FOR THREE MONTHS, varying treatments, including ELECTRICAL MASSAGE for ACUTE NEURITIS, RESULTS, NIL. A second man was equally unsuccessful. I called in a third man, a Doctor with a great reputation. DIET and SPECIAL THYROID TREATMENTS again were just a waste of money, and condition unchanged. Then I was sent to be TREATED BY A NERVE SPECIALIST to help me to GAIN SLEEP BY NARCOTICS and DRUGS TO MASK THE PAIN IN THE DAY. STILL THE JOINTS REMAINED SORE AND CRACKLED AT EVERY MOVE. I continued for five months and was very little better other than that I had artificial sleep, but the fact that I had to take these drugs worried me incessantly. Listening to the radio I heard your advertisement. I was very cynical of the so-called remedies, and was induced to try your remedy under great pressure. Well, the results are magical; before my first bottle was used I was able to move about freely and now am once more my old active self instead of a useless, pain-ridden, and entirely discouraged woman. My small daughter of eight years says: 'Mother, can't you walk quickly now, remember how you used to have to hold on to the fence when you went down the street? Just like an old lady, weren't you? Yes, I was indeed, and because it may help some others similarly affected and whose faith in cure was gone as mine was, you may publish any of this letter you may care to, as it is all perfectly true and can be verified by my neighbours who consider my case a great triumph for R.U.R.'"

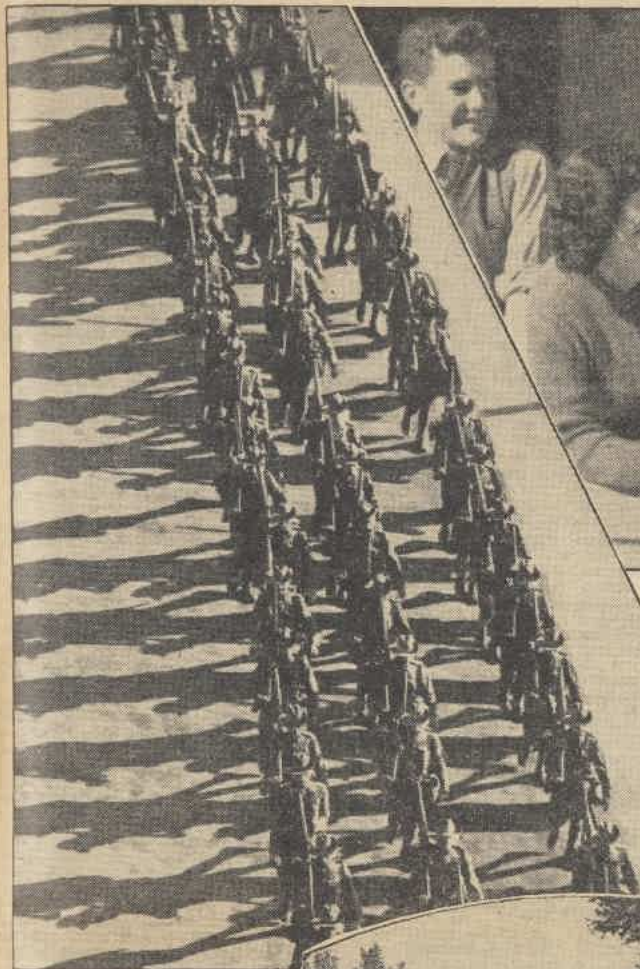
Gratefully yours,
(Sgd.) JEAN JAUSERS,
WELLINGTON.

R.U.R. is effective simply because it contains—
A Laxative.
A Liver Stimulant.
A Kidney and Bladder Cleanser.
A Blood Purifier.
And an Acid Corrective.
So no matter what you have wrong with you, R.U.R. will do you good. All Chemists sell R.U.R. at 4/- and 7/6.

R.U.R.
REAL UNIVERSAL REMEDY



A.I.F. march will follow trail of pioneers



BRIGADIER J. J. MURRAY, officer commanding the 20th Brigade, with his wife and family at their Mosman home. Brigadier Murray has planned the big A.I.F. march.

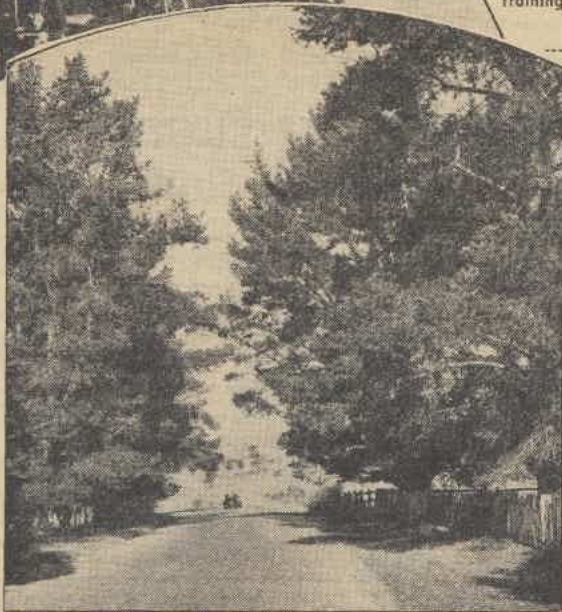


THE greatest A.I.F. march on Australian soil is to take place this month, when a number of units will tramp from Ingleburn to Bathurst, where a new camp is being built. Brigadier J. J. Murray has planned out the route, which is shown in its day-to-day schedule in the map below. It follows the trail of the early explorers, pioneers and the gold rush. The units, who will be in full battle dress, will be accompanied by their bands. It is hoped to billet the marching troops in nine towns, and on two nights when accommodation will not be available they will bivouac in the open. On days when a short march is scheduled there will be other training. Most of the men will remain at Bathurst camp; a few will entrain there for the other new camp at Cowra.

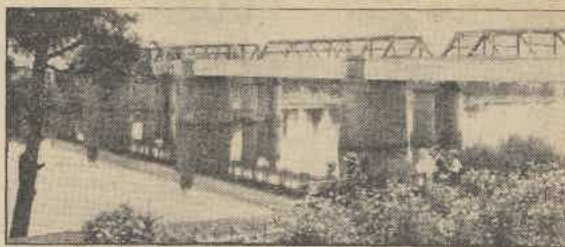
MARCHING discipline, mobility and billeting will be tested.



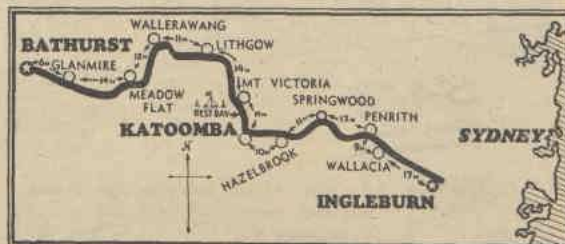
FULL battle dress will be worn by troops on the march.



GREAT WESTERN ROAD, which will soon resound to the tread of marching feet as the A.I.F. swings along to Bathurst.



NEPEAN BRIDGE, near Penrith, where marchers will rest on second night. Town councils will co-operate on route.



MAP shows route of march, 128 miles, with length of each day's march and rest day at Katoomba. Twelve days in all.



BATHURST DISTRICT, looking out from town. Bathurst military camp is being built to accommodate 4500 men. It is 4½ miles across, extreme limit being seven miles from town.



BLUE MOUNTAINS, famous scenic district, must be crossed by soldiers on greatest military trek yet seen in Australia.

MAKES YOU FEEL WELL

Just because you're getting on in years doesn't mean you have to feel old. Nature—with the help of modern medicine—has created a wonderful tonic which packs into your system the sparkle and vitality of youth. This tonic is WINCARNIS. The astounding total of over 25,000 recommendations from medical men is the most unshakable proof that WINCARNIS will do you good, too. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. The first glass sends through your whole body the lift and liveliness of the vigour which whisks away depression and revives your brain, heart and nerves. WINCARNIS is the "No Waiting Tonic"—the first glass does you good. Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day!

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

"In other words,"

Dr. Margaret Ferris took up with a faint twist of her lips, "you want to know why I am a doctor, I'll tell you why. Because it excites me, it fascinates me. Ever since I was sixteen and had the run of my father's surgery, every element of my being responded to medicine, and no other aspect of life touched me—or could touch me so deeply."

Dr. Hausmann pressed his fingers together. "I, too, thought that once."

"But the work you've accomplished has borne out that conviction?"

He shrugged. "At times I have not been too certain of it. I was in love when I was young. She was a very beautiful woman. I fled from her because when I thought of her I could not think of medicine, and I could not bring myself to be possessed by two loves."

"Which is a problem quite remote from me at present," Margaret interjected.

"But you do not discount its possibility," Dr. Hausmann waved aside her attempt to answer. "However, this is apart from the issue. It is not within my province to question why you are a doctor, or when you will meet conflict between the demands of your womanhood and the demands of your profession. My only concern is your immediate fitness."

"And you have found me to be"

"Competent." Stinting in his praise, such praise as he gave, though clipped to a single word, carried with it the weight of considered intention. "Yes," he went on, "undoubtedly you have both skill and that something else, that sense of intuition and timing, without which the best academic mind is a bungler with the knife."

She flushed with pleasure. "It's worth everything to me to hear you say that, Dr. Hausmann. But where do I go from here? I don't seem to be able to see ahead at this point."

Thin hard lines appeared about Dr. Hausmann's jaw. "It is simple."

Women in White

Continued from Page 14

like a character in a magazine story, would not like any woman Dr. Hausmann liked.

There was a sudden impact of two bodies meeting. She looked up. Her heart gave a lift, and her throat played a trick on her, closing out words, and making intelligible speech difficult. "I'm sorry, Dr. Kirkland. I wasn't looking where I was going."

"Neither was I," he apologised. "But I was meaning to see you anyway, and now's as good a time as any." He steered her towards the fringe of potted palms that shielded off the visitors' room.

She wished that she could think of some good reason to escape him. The last thing in the world she wanted was sympathy, and the last person in the world she wanted it from was Dr. Kirkland. She didn't like what he did to her—or rather she did like it, and that was why, studiously and consistently, she avoided meeting him until such time as her emotions would no longer assume the whip hand over her intelligence.

SHE

had almost come to grief several weeks back, when in the middle of an operation she had sensed his presence in the theatre. Her heart had begun to pound, and she had experienced as bad a case of stage fright as she had ever known. Only luck and habit had disciplined her hands and controlled the sudden tumbling of her thoughts.

She had reasoned herself out of any schoolgirl heartache that might undermine her emotional insulation. When it came right down to it, she didn't even know the man, outside of her hospital contacts with him. Indeed, he had taken her home after a medical meeting one evening, and had sat in the corner of the taxi and said nothing for forty blocks. He had made it perfectly obvious that women played a negligible part in his busy, active life.

Although you are not to be permitted to do the things for which you have trained yourself, there will always be an opening for you in children's work, or some industrial post, perhaps. And there is also open to you the building of a practice among neurotic women, who will prefer to go to a woman doctor, not because she is a better doctor, but because she is not a man." He rose and paced to the window and stared out into the street. "They did the same thing to Madame Curie," he went on less harshly. "She was a woman, and therefore she could not be a scientist. Even after she had proven herself, they refused credit for her work. But she went on working and one day the credit caught up with her."

Margaret Ferris followed him to the window and caught hold of his arm impulsively. "But I am not even being allowed to work. A scientist needs only a few instruments, something to serve as a laboratory, and a little money. They can be got somehow. But a doctor needs patients, and daily experience."

"You will still have the clinic," he reminded her. "That is not a board appointment, but one which I may choose at my discretion."

"Thank you. I can't ever thank you for your faith in me."

She should have known better. Dr. Hausmann hated to be thanked. He said curtly, "The only faith that is important is the faith in oneself," and she recognised, in the brief statement, both challenge and dilemma.

She was aware of Miss Pritchard's eyes upon her as she left the office. When she had stepped into the ante-room half an hour before, Miss Pritchard had undoubtedly known the result of the hospital board's appointments, but she had given no sign of her knowledge. She was a good secretary—long encoined and highly approved.

Margaret reached the corridor with a sense of Miss Pritchard's deep-seated antagonism. Miss Pritchard,

NURSE SANDERSON had once said with an indignant toss of her head that a young doctor shouldn't be so successful, it wasn't good for him.

"He's not so young, he's at least thirty-eight," Margaret Ferris had countered, with the color creeping up into her cheeks.

"Well then he shouldn't look so young," Sandy had retorted, which was as far as she would unbend in Dr. Kirkland's direction.

There were two factions in the hospital—those who liked him and those who didn't. Dr. Ferris refrained from joining either group. She merely allowed herself an unstinting admiration of his professional ability. He was one of those people to whom dramatic things were always happening.

The story of the first notice he had commanded at the hospital, many years before, had grown to be legend. A case had been referred to the neurological division and had come to Kirkland's attention. He had given the patient one look and asked him when he had been bitten by a dog. The man could remember no dog bite, but Kirkland had returned him to General Medical with the diagnosis that the patient was a rabies case. That had been on a Monday. The House Physician had refused to accept such an absurd opinion from a young assistant, and had written a report to the hospital board on Tuesday, bringing the incident to their attention. He edited and polished his literary document on Wednesday morning and delivered it on Wednesday afternoon.

On Thursday the patient died of the bite of a mad dog he couldn't remember. And on the same day, without regard to the niceties of medical ethics, Dr. Kirkland demanded the resignation of the House Physician. He had emerged from the incident with an enviable reputation as a diagnostician, and in some quarters with a not so enviable reputation as a very cocksure young man.

He had never quite got over that air of conspicuous self-confidence, but with his increasing success it had become translated into the more mellowed quality of an inherent authority. As he came upon her in the hall, to-day, Margaret Ferris felt, as always, the impact of his dynamic personality. Her pulses quickened, and she was angry with herself because reason was not sufficiently alert to intervene against this unexpected meeting, and the touch of his hand as he piloted her toward a secluded corner of the corridor.

"Cigarette?"

"Thank you." He held his lighter for her. Margaret noticed that his hand was not too steady, and that his customary assurance had vanished into diffidence. He hesitated. "I wanted to talk with you, about the board appointment," he said at last.

"Please don't," she broke in.

"Sorry." Both his manner and his voice became remote. "But I have something to say, and I'm going to ask you to hear me out. It was I who stood in the way of your getting the post."

"You?"

"I don't mean that my opinions sway the board," he hastened to explain, "but I'm afraid your appointment would have gone through if it hadn't been for my opposition."

Dr. Hausmann's words returned to her. The issue had not been one of professional ability, but solely one of sex. She knew a flash of female satisfaction—Dr. Kirkland had been aware of her as a woman and not just as a colleague in white. But as swiftly, anger followed in its wake. "You are entitled to your opinions," she said shortly. "Why are you telling me this?"

Please turn to Page 20

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

HOORAY FOR THE HOUSEWIVES' VERDICT! NEW RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS!

EXHIBIT A.

CASE PROVED! JUST LOOK AT THESE RINSO WASHED SHEETS—THE WHITEST, SNOWIEST EVER!

EXHIBIT B.

IT'S ON THE RECORDS RINSO'S GRAND FOR WASHING-UP, TOO. KEEP AN EXTRA PACKET IN THE KITCHEN!

RINSO BRINGS COLOURS UP LIKE NEW. KEEPS SILKS AND WOOLLIES SOFT AND LOVELY.

NEW RINSO! That's all you need, from start to finish, of the biggest weekly wash. The rich, hard-working Rinsol suds pile up in your copper and last till every trace of dinginess is gone. You'll have a sweeter, cleaner, whiter wash with New Rinsol—and you'll save yourself time, money, and all hard rubbing!

Rinsol

GIVES THICKEST SUDS

NOW! THE NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the BIG PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"And out of five hundred entries in the show your dog was last?"
 "Yes, but look at all the dogs it took to beat him!"



"And let me tell you, old man, I'm master in my own house!"
 "Quite. My wife's away, too!"

SOME NEW LAUGHS



HUSBAND: If we won five thousand pounds, do you know what I'd do with my share?
 WIFE: No. What would you do with a hundred pounds?



"A pig's cheek, please, and mother says to give me one with a double chin."

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to Happiness

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LEARN IN
The Comfort of
YOUR OWN HOME
For 2'6 Weekly

A prize of 2/6
is paid
for each
joke that is used.

BRAINWAVES

"NOW, girls," said the restaurant manager to the waitresses. "I want you all to look your best to-day. Add a touch of lipstick and take a bit more trouble with your hair."

"Something special on?"

"No; the beef's tough."

THE fat man and his wife were returning to their seats in the theatre after the interval.

"Did I tread on your toe as I went out?" he asked the man at the end of the row.

"You did," replied the man grimly, expecting an apology.

The fat man turned to his wife.

"All right, Mary," he said, "this is our seat."

"I WANT a cigar for my husband," said the woman in the tobacco-

shop.

"A fairly strong one, madam?" asked the assistant.

"Yes; the last one broke in his pocket."

BROWN: Shall we have a friendly game of cards?

Green: No, let's play bridge.

"I SAY, my good man, could you take the red tie with yellow spots out of your window for me?"

"Why, certainly sir, we are pleased to take anything out of the window at any time."

"Thanks awfully! The beastly thing bothers me every time I pass."

"A BOTTLE of rat poison, please."

"Will you take it with you?"

"No! I'll send the rats for it."

Take 3 Inches
Off Your Chest-Line!
REDUCE
YOUR BUST
this NEW Easy Way!

ARE you embarrassed by a large over-size bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.



TAKE OFF FLABBY,
SAGGING FAT!

Don't let a large, ugly bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.

TRY THIS TODAY!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce your bust it costs you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can reduce your bust with this wonderful new treatment.

READ THIS
GENUINE PROOF!

"I am delighted with the results. I have lost 3 inches in my bust measurements, and hope to lose another 3 inches. Thanking you."

Mrs. F. Allan, W.

"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."

Mrs. C. Clark, U.

"I am very pleased with the result. My bust is quite small now."

Miss L. Peller, A.

"I am very delighted with the result."

Mrs. D. Rock, W.

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10/7/40.

An Editorial

AUGUST 10, 1940

HISTORIC MARCH OF THE A.I.F.



THERE is more than a little symbolism in the march of thousands of men of the A.I.F. from Ingleburn (N.S.W.) over the Blue Mountains to their new camp at Bathurst.

Many soldiers from other States are among the marchers and Bathurst will be a centre for interstate drafts as well as the main camp in N.S.W.

The road the men will take marches right into the heart of our history. We have measured our nationhood in its weaving miles.

Progress was halted in the little colony of N.S.W. until Wentworth, Blaxland and Lawson found a way over the mountains to the lush pastures and sweeping plains of the hinterland.

The hoddin grey men of our early history made the countryside ring to the noise of pick and shovel as they built a road over the rugged mountains.

The sombre noise of their labors was followed by the laughter of free men, with their land galleons, rolling over the mountains to the gold rush with the magic names of Ophir and Sofala on their lips.

Historians tell us that there were 10,000 men on the road for weeks at a time.

Now soldiers in thousands march the same way.

The red-shirted and sombreroed miners marched for gold to build a country; the khaki ranks of the A.I.F. march the same road to learn the arts of war in defence of the nation we have built.

The old Bathurst road runs like a live thread through our history.

For Australians it has been the road to victory over the forces of nature.

The A.I.F. crossing the mountains to their camp reminds us that another battle is joined—this time it is for liberty under the sunny heaven of Australian skies.

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Flying-Officer Allen Mulligan, who has been with the R.A.F. for three years, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mulligan, of Tempe, N.S.W.:

"EVEN though I say it myself, all our boys have been putting up amazing shows.

"Since the Dutch show began we really have been kept hard at it and have certainly left our mark or marks 'over there'.

"The King arrived here on Monday, and we had a parade for him during which he presented three D.F.C.'s and two D.F.M.'s and then inspected all the flying crews.

"Of course he had to stop at 'Mull' (that's my name around here) and spoke to me for a minute or two, shook hands, and wanted to know how I liked the country, etc. He really is a grand chap, and one of the boys. He had tea in the mess and stayed in the anteroom afterwards for some time talking to us all.

"If things don't go quite right, then, believe me, it is not the R.A.F.'s fault. There will be no victory in the air for Hitler while there are machines to fly and men to fly them. When the story of the R.A.F. is written it will be good, and I am proud to be in it.

"My crew is made up of three fine people—Pilot-Officer Clayton, Canadian, my navigator; Sergt. Stubbings, my observer; and Leading Aircraftman Abel, wireless operator.

"We arrived home once with holes all over the machine and one big one in the engine. But it wasn't as bad as it sounds. Ellis Ross, from Tumworth, went on leave to-day (this is one of the boys that got D.F.C.'s), and I should be next. So here's hoping."

A sergeant in Palestine to his girl-friend in Korumburra, Vic.:

"OUR camp cinema still carries on, and now, because of the black-out, is more popular than ever. Although most of the pictures are ones we saw before leaving home, I often see them again, just for something to do.

"Newsreels are an exception—they give some idea of what the poor devils in the war zones are going through.

"Leave to the cities is scarce at present, so swimming is the main attraction. The Mediterranean water is lovely and warm, but extremely salty. I'm like a nigger already."

Private A. F. G. Abbott to a friend in St. Kilda:

"HAVE just been to Beerseba. I left camp at 1 p.m. for the races, and got back at 5.30 p.m., so had a good day—free, of course.

"I was in the 'Paddock,' and the policemen had their eyes on the Tote, so I got under the fence with a few more Aussies.

"Beerseba is nothing at all as a town, but has a splendid war cemetery. And, of course, the ancient town with its flat huts made mostly from straw and mud interests me quite a lot.

"I wish you could taste their coffee though. Oh, boy, it's good!"

Winnie the war winner



"My diving suit? It's in case we sink."

From Private Alex McKinnon, with the second contingent in Palestine, to a pen-friend in Port Denison, via Wanganarra, W.A.:

"YOUR letter to hand, addressed to a lonely soldier.

"First of all I wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness.

"I think the adjective 'lonely' in conjunction with the word 'soldier' does not agree, as a soldier's life is just what he makes it.

"When a man joins the army, especially the voluntary forces of Australia, he has one object in view, and that is to force the enemy into submission, and if he has this in mind he has no time to feel lonely.

"But, of course, a soldier feels slightly despondent when he misses the friends and comforts of civil life.

"I am sure the right ingredients were put in the pudding when they placed the A.I.F. in the field to force a victory."

A South Australian sergeant to his fiancée in Korunye, S.A.:

"IT is harvest time over here, and the Arabs are getting their crops in. After the crops are cut the hay is heaped up and then loaded on camels and asses.

"They put very big loads on them. Some of the asses can hardly get along. The hay hangs down each side, and sometimes a man slides on the load.

"They carry it to a place about 1½ miles away, where it is put in heaps and the camels and asses walk around and around on it until the grain has fallen to the bottom.

"Then they get forks and throw it up in the air, the wind blowing away the husks and straw, and the Arabs pick up the grain."

A young clerk in the R.A.A.F. to his mother in Brisbane:

"I DON'T seem to have much time for letter writing these days as we work from 7.30 a.m. to 9 p.m., so I am scribbling this short note before work.

"We are not complaining, though, as there is a big job to be done, and we are proud to do it even on Saturdays and Sundays.

"The British airmen and navy are certainly doing a wonderful job.

"Well, keep your chin up, Mum, and keep smiling till I see you again."

From Staff Nurse Viva Ley in Palestine to her sister in Brisbane:

"YOUR second airmail has given me just as much thrill as your first, as, except for one airmail about a fortnight ago, I haven't received a line. I am sure you have written every week, but the ship's mail is not coming through yet.

"We have had a wonderful time in Jerusalem. The most beautiful thing I have seen up to the present is the Church of All Nations, in the Garden of Gethsemane. The colors in the Mosaic are beautiful.

"The spirit of comradeship between the Australian soldier and English is very strong out here. I was both surprised and pleased to see it. They are all of the same opinion, that 'they should be doing their bit'.

"Unless they can smell gunpowder they don't think they are in the war. Except for the black-outs and uniforms, we hardly realise there is a war here, either, close as we may seem to be to the trouble.

"You have only to be here and realise the immense resources and colossal sea power of England to know that Hitler's real headache is about to come. Apart from our marvellous resources, we are not 'yellow,' and we obviously only have to hang on perhaps two or three years in order to win."

A member of the Field Ambulance with the third contingent to a Sydney friend:

"THIS ship is so big that one gets lost. We're living on the fat of the land.

"Another chap and myself share a cabin between us—air-conditioned, hot and cold water, pillows and sheets, loughboy, beautiful mirrors, and an electric fan to boot.

"Come up and see us some time!"

From Sister A. M. Shepherd, with the Australian General Hospital in Palestine, to Miss Marjorie Harris, of Belmont, N.S.W.:

"WE have a pet gazelle named Daffodil. She was very naughty and ate matron's pot-plant that she brought home from Jerusalem.

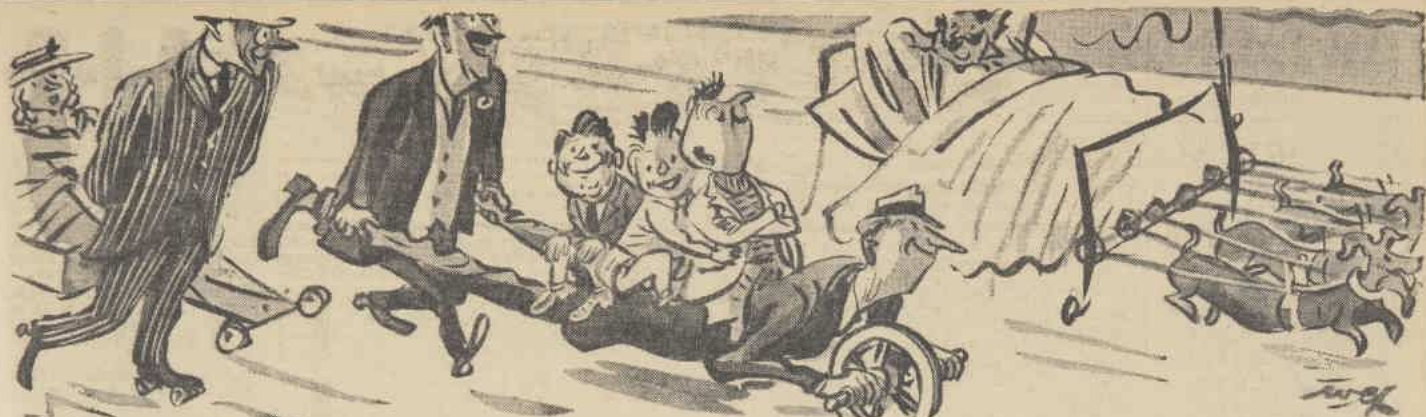
"We also have a baby hare named Henry and a tortoise named Basil.

"Basil lives in my tent. He does not belong to me, but I have to help look after him while his 'mother' is away in Jerusalem on leave, but I do not approve of him.

"He came from the desert and is only about four inches long. When I take him out of his box he goes for his life in the direction whence he came. He is longing for his 'ain folk,' poor Basil!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





Lennie Lower goes back to horse and buggy days

Petrol shortage brings out the old pioneer spirit

One thing about this petrol shortage is that it's a great leveller.

It's nice to see the Boss coming into town on his way to the office hanging to a strap in the tram.

ANOTHER thing is that you can say to a fellow traveller, "One misses the old limousine these days." Really! I didn't know you had a car!"

"Oh, yes. I've got two. But what's the use of them with this petrol shortage going on? I don't suppose you know of

anybody who wants to buy a couple of cars, do you?"

"If I got rid of my cars I could turn my garage into a block of flats."

"No. I'm afraid I don't."

"Ah, well, we must grin and bear it, I suppose."

That's the stuff to give 'em.

... By ...
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

The time seems opportune to drag out the old buggy, sulky, or barouche.

I should like very much to sit behind a pair of spanking greys, flourishing the whip and bowing gracefully to various acquaintances as we passed them in their sulkies.

"That's 'Flash Lennie,'" the ladies will say, nodding to each other under their parasols.

"My heart beats so when I see him."

"Well, thassa way I feel!"

Arriving at work I shall drive straight into the goods lift, and having arrived at the right floor, trot into the office and say "WHOA!"

Then I shall tie the horses up to my desk, loosen my cravat and start thinking about starting work.

The trouble is that there is bound to be a chaff shortage after a while—or a shortage of carriage horses.

That needn't worry anybody. There are plenty of other vehicles. I can see the business magnate pulling on his gloves preparatory to going out.

"Is the pram ready, James?"

"Yessir. I'd be a bit careful getting in to-day, sir. One of the back springs seems to be very weak."

"Have it attended to. Now, then, give me a hand in, will you? The darned thing tipped over yesterday, if you remember."

"Yessir. If you want the hood up, sir, you'd better take your hat off."

Nasty spill

"Of course! Of course! Well, off you go, James, and don't forget to lean back when we're going downhill!"

"Yessir. I did hear, sir, that Mr. Anstruther-Anstruther had an accident yesterday. Fell off his velocipede."

"Serves him right, the wretched snob. Break his velocipede, James?"

"No, sir. Nothing as serious as that. He fractured his collarbone."

"Hmm. And old Mrs. De Vere—easy around the corners, man—old Mrs. De Vere, how does she get on for her daily drive around the park?"

"The gardener pushes her around in his barrow, sir."

"How quaint! LOOK OUT, JAMES! Good gracious! A motor car, James! Did you see it?"

"Yes. Yes, sir. I know. You mustn't get excited. Remember your blood pressure. There goes the judge on his scooter. Making fairly good time, too. When he first got it he used to fall off it every few yards."

"Look at him now! It's practice does it, sir. Take our State and Federal members. They've got a tandem bicycle. They manage it beautifully, the only trouble being that they both want to steer."

"Makes progress rather erratic, eh, James?"

"Did you say 'fatty,' sir?"

"No, I didn't, but it's a very good word for it, just the same."

"Well, here we are, sir. Shall I tip you out?"

LENNIE LOWER presents some solutions to problems of transport due to petrol rationing.

"No. Too undignified. Help me here, James. I'm stuck."

"It's your feet, sir. If you could manage to unlace your boots you'd be right. There you are! What did I tell you!"

"Good. Fetch those boots up to the office when you extricate them. Great Scott! What's that?"

"What's what, sir?"

"Er—it's all right. I—er—yes, of course. Optical illusion. Unless you can see it too, James? Can you?"

"The camel, sir?"

"It is a camel?"

"Yes, sir. Belongs to the temperance chap?"

"Think he'd look better on a water-cart, eh, James?"

"A water-cart with no water in it. Go the whole hog, so to speak. What will they be thinking of next!"

"Dunno, sir. I did hear of one prominent city man who has himself borne in a litter."

"Born in a litter! Good Lord! How many were there in the batch?"

"No, sir. You misunderstand me. It's one of those box arrangements

with handles on and you sit in it and two men carry you along. He borrowed it from the museum, sir."

"Oh, I see. You gave me a shock for a moment, James. You've also given me an idea. You know those gadgets they wheel you into operating-theatres on?"

"Yes, sir."

"One could lie down on the thing and even perhaps submerge on it on the way to town. Do you think you could push one, James?"

"Certainly, sir. Very easy to push. Rubber tyres, also. One can even push them sideways."

"I wouldn't care for that, James."

"I mean for parking, sir."

"We shall procure one."

And that's what I'm going to do, too. I've got my eye on one here in hospital where I am now. All I want is a horse."

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Or perhaps a team of huskies. Dogs, to you."

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Keep your figure forever young. Reduce 2 inches in a week; 3 inches in 10 days. Wear a Figure Control Corset for a slender, graceful figure to look slimmer, younger and smarter.



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Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense to prove, quickly and definitely, that it will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every Corset is NEW—direct from the workrooms to the wearer. If not perfectly satisfied, return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon, NOW.



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Attractively
SLIM

JUST think how smart you'll look in your new winter outfit if you're slim—and how much healthier and fitter you'll feel if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without strict dieting or tiresome exercises if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed will tone you up and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start now on the sure way to health and slenderness—the Bile Beans way. You'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

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"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel weary or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim, and to all who wish to possess a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. Hawthorne.

"I bless the day that I tried Bile Beans, for since taking them regularly I have reduced by 11 pounds and my bust measurement is three inches less. Bile Beans have given me new energy and I look and feel ever so well."—Mrs. I. Dennis.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



It's flavour sealed
In quarter, half and one pound
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

Without Razors,
Electric Needles or
Smelly Depilatories



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery man can be shaved away below skin surface. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New VEET. Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. And your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New VEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

"BECAUSE I would have gone to any man and told him of my actions. Why should the fact that you are a woman prevent my doing the same?"

"Why should the fact that I am a woman have entered into the question at all?" Her voice was bitter. "Can't we ever dispense with this everlasting man and woman business?" She twisted the cigarette's end viciously into the soil of one of the palms. "Until a few moments ago I was under the impression that the board was appointing a competent surgeon, and I felt that I was such a surgeon."

"Good. You come out straight from the shoulder. It makes it easier to talk with you. I am afraid that this man and woman business will always be with us. There happen to be unalterable functional and emotional and nervous differences between men and women, and because of those differences I have reservations about women in medicine, and very definite reservations about women in surgery."

Margaret could feel herself grow tense with fury. "I'm not interested in your reservations," she said coldly. "If the issue touched my professional rating, I should be more than willing to discuss it with you." She started to turn away.

He put out his hand. "Wait a moment, please. I'm doing this very badly. I have only the highest regard for your ability and your skill."

"Simply, you think that a woman cannot be as good a surgeon as a man," she finished for him.

"But I do." He faced her steady scrutiny. "Only I don't think it is her field. Surgery requires an almost brutal depersonalisation that would be difficult for the average woman at any time, and at certain times is going to trip up even the most exceptional woman." He paused. Had he been less assured, thought Margaret, he might have floundered at this point, for he wanted to say something, and he

Women in White

Continued from Page 16

was not saying it. Perversely, she made no attempt to help him out.

"I do not mean that you are not competent," he went on. "But Dr. Bates is also competent, and he is a man, and for that reason, if for no other, he seemed in my estimation to be more qualified for the post."

"And in my estimation Dr. Bates is quite incompetent."

Dr. Kirkland's manner grew more formal. He said: "I prefer to think that you are not speaking through pique or disappointment, Dr. Ferris."

"I should not be stupid enough at this juncture to indulge in the pettiness expected of a woman," she rejoined. "I am trying, instead, to be honest, and unafraid in my opinions. Dr. Bates' operating technique is magnificent. Students should not stay away from his theatre. He is an automaton of the textbook. But he is no surgeon."

"Aren't you forgetting the Bates craniotomy?" Dr. Kirkland was arguing against his will. His logic told him to cut short the encounter as a good intention gone astray, and yet something in this woman commanded his interest.

"No, I am not forgetting the Bates craniotomy," she replied, quietly. "I have watched it many times. I have also watched patients die under it. I admire its perfection and its skill, and yet I say that it is only an ingenious form of butchery. It has never been performed in less than an hour and thirteen minutes. Hausmann has done the same thing in twenty-five minutes less time, and in many cases that time element means the difference between life and death for a patient."

"That's a pretty serious implication about a fellow physician," Dr. Kirkland said slowly.

"I'm aware of it," she admitted. "I regret the position in which it places me. But I refuse to explain that position. And now if you will excuse me—"

Dr. Kirkland watched Dr. Ferris

walk to the end of the corridor and then turn beyond his sight. He felt a moment's irritation with himself.

He was beginning to wish he had kept his mouth shut in that board meeting. The business of a woman's appointment to surgery had troubled him for some days—he had wanted to talk with her but hadn't known how to begin—and then he had dismissed the whole issue from his mind. He wasn't Jehovah, and the appointment would never be made anyway, for hospital boards were highly conventional bodies, and there were bound to be outcries at so drastic and unprecedented a proposal. The only trouble was there had been no outcries. There had been absolutely no discussion of the issue of Hausmann's recommendation, until he had found himself on his feet, holding forth a plea for the permanent welfare and standing of the hospital. It was only after he had spoken that the others had had the courage to join in with him. Now he felt a purely human and unprofessional regret that he had been the trigger to her defeat.

HE glanced at his watch. Mrs. Baring would be making a fuss because he was late. Her symptoms were punctual, and she expected no less of her physician. He knocked on the door of 718, and went in. The place looked more like an office than a sickroom. Mrs. Baring was bolstered up on pillows, and spread upon her elderly and commodious bosom was a sea of correspondence and papers. Mrs. Baring was a collector of societies, and an organiser of groups of communal activity. Dr. Kirkland himself had the dubious honor of being on her mailing list, and every other day or so he received long letters and sheaves of literature about a peace project or women's rights, or oil for the lamps of China. At the moment, Mrs. Baring's secretary was busily taking dictation, and Tony Baring, her thirty-year-old son, was constructively playing some game with the window-shade pull, trying to see if he could swing it to hit the crossbar of the sash.

Dr. Kirkland walked to the bed. "The general purpose of your being in the hospital," he reminded her, "was that you be quiet. It's one thing to diagnose hypertension, and another to remedy it."

"My blood pressure's all right," the old lady retorted.

"Mine isn't. It's all over the place." Tony Baring turned away from the window. "Say, how about



FROM LYDIA MOSS comes this unusual dinner ensemble in Persian printed delaine. The bodice is gathered onto a square, built-up front, and the tailored skirt flares widely at the back.

giving the family a break? How about putting the tall blonde on the case?"

"What tall blonde?"

"The nurse I saw you talking to in the hall when I passed." Dr. Kirkland made a mental summation of Mr. Tony Baring. Too much money, and not enough to do. You would want to kick him for a worthless loafer, only when he smiled he made you think of an ingenuous Newfoundland dog—good-looking, friendly and practically without use in the world.

"That was not a nurse," he said aloud, in a voice that sounded ridiculously stiff and self-conscious in his own ears.

"That was my wife," offered Tony Baring with a grin, and blew his fingers shamelessly in pulling the old chestnut out of the fire. "No, joking aside, who is she?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be interested. She's a staff physician."

Tony Baring whistled. "What do I have to get to rate her treating me?"

"I'd advise a good case of mumps," said Dr. Kirkland tersely.

Please turn to Page 22



Joyce has all the
luck! It must be
marvellous to be
naturally lovely!

Rexona Medicated Soap

brings natural loveliness
through skin health

Always so wonderfully attractive—wherever she goes, whatever she wears—the naturally lovely girl. Make this complexion beauty your own, with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona's medications correct a dull skin, beautify a normal one and help a really flawless complexion to hold its loveliness through the years.

Rexona, medicated with Cadyl, guards against blemishes

Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special compound of medications, that guards against skin faults—pimples,

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For those skin faults which do not clear up quickly you'll need the complete Rexona treatment—soap and ointment together. This curative combination rapidly ends blemishes, keeps the skin smooth and unmarked.



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"Immensely superior... tremendously in advance"—says Doctor.

COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special, triple strength, —Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action—more effective—quicker—than anything ever known in Australia. First dose definitely stops coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold! Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture contains no 'dope.' Sweetens upset stomachs.

A few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without Buckley's. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid—little lives may depend on swift, definite—certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away—and have restful sleep to-night!

As supplied to the Canadian Government—and to Canadian Mounted Police. 9 million bottles sold.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

"A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT"

Real Life Stories

Woman's life at stake

Nurse and husband race express train

A DISTRAUGHT man raced on a railway tricycle from Carrick to Towrang Railway Station, and entering the stationmaster's office implored him to telephone to Goulburn, N.S.W., some twenty miles distant, for a doctor, as he believed his wife was dying of haemorrhage.

I was waiting on the railway station. This was very many years ago, and I was a young and enthusiastic nurse just finished training. I volunteered to go to the patient's aid pending the arrival of the doctor.

The stationmaster warned the man that the express train was almost due.

It was a race for life! I sprang on the rear of the tricycle and the man strove to pull across the railway bridge before the oncoming express met us.

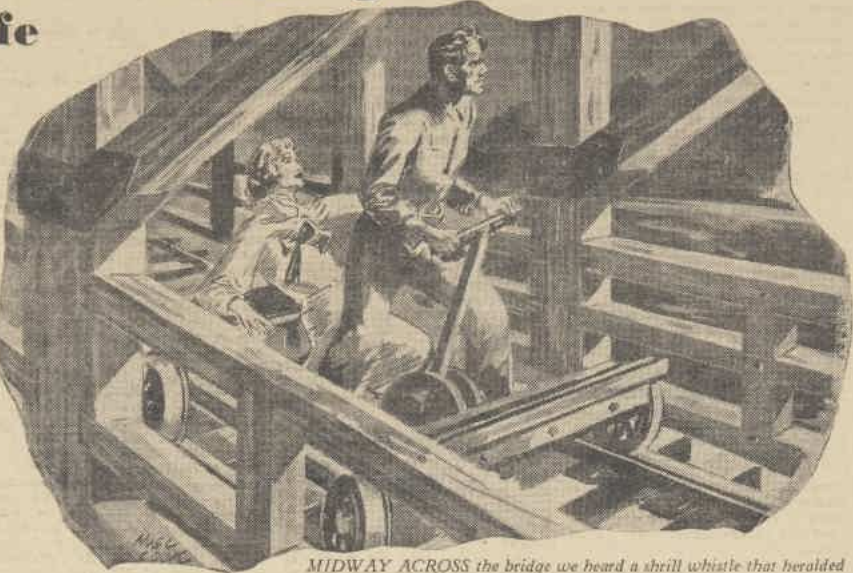
He bent over the machine and strained every muscle in an effort to further increase the speed.

Midway across the bridge we heard a shrill whistle that heralded the train's approach.

The terrified man's breath rasped in his throat as he exclaimed in terror, "The train! The train!" and, making a superhuman effort, reached the end of the bridge in the face of the engine.

Then he dragged me to safety, hurled the tricycle off the line and flattened me against the railing of the bridge and left just enough room for the express to thunder past!

Although exhausted and spent by his fearful ordeal the husband hurried me to his



MIDWAY ACROSS the bridge we heard a shrill whistle that heralded the train's approach...

wife's bedside, where, with the pride of the newly certificated nurse, I attended to the patient, and when the doctor arrived an hour afterwards I was congratulated by him on having saved her life.

11/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Smith, 57 Spencer St., Bunbury, W.A.

Bolting horse

I HAD barely taken up the reins of our trap one morning to drive two little girls aged about ten when the horse bolted. My first thoughts were for the children, and I immediately dropped both out of the back of the trap, and they escaped with only a few bruises.

Meanwhile the horse was galloping from one side of the road to the other, the reins trailing. Some distance ahead there was a broken stump and the horse violently crashed into it, snapping the shafts like carrots and leaving me sitting amongst the wreckage—without a scratch.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Hayes, No. 5 Carlton Flats, Carlton St., Kensington, N.S.W.

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column; 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

NATURE'S BAKEHOUSE

AN aunt of mine one day undertook to bake the bread. It did not rise to her satisfaction, and thinking it a failure she decided to bury it. A couple of days later to her surprise she found it rising out of the ground. The warmth of the earth and sun caused this.

10/6 to Jean Barnett, Fernvale, Yetholme, N.S.W.

IMITATION

A FRIEND of mine has a little fox-terrier which has a great habit of licking the cement on the side of the house. While visiting my friend one day I missed my small daughter, so we went outside to see what mischief she might be at. Imagine our surprise to see her and the dog both licking the wall!

2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Koglin, 14 Harcourt St., North Melbourne N1.

HIS ADVICE

WHEN I was first married I did not know very much about gardening, so decided to ask our local Chinaman: "When is the best time to put in carrot and beetroot seeds, Johnny?"

"Oh, Missie, you no worry," he replied. "You just put him in, he know when to come up."

2/6 to Mrs. I. Quinlan, Emu Vale, Warwick, Qld.

QUICK RECOVERY

WE were on the beach watching members of the life-saving club giving a demonstration. The apparently drowned man was carried on to the sand and two life-savers were trying to "restore" him, when a wave larger than usual came up and caught the "drowned" man and his helpers. Needless to say, he promptly recovered. The crowd on the beach had a good laugh.

2/6 to Mrs. W. H. Balfon, Beniah, Bannockburn, Vic.

FALSE ALARM

MY friend and I were out in our rusty iron canoes. We went about one hundred yards to sea with breakers all about us when my friend suddenly gave a horrified yell. Looking round, I saw a huge fin cutting the water towards me.

The fin crashed with a thud against the side of my canoe. I looked at it in despair and suddenly burst out laughing. The "terrible shark" was a dead mutton-bird with its large wing pointing to the sky. The current had swept it with such violence that it appeared to be swimming strongly.

2/6 to Master P. Power, 94 Roxburgh St., Stockton, N.S.W.

Whirlwind

IT was a hot and sultry Christmas Eve and I was putting the finishing touches to a Christmas tree. Meanwhile my husband and my brother were busy plucking the Christmas turkey behind a shed at the back of the house.

Suddenly a terrific roar broke the stillness, and a whirlwind hit the house, making it rock and lifting the lineposts. Then I heard a deafening explosion from the shed.

Looking out, I could only make out a cloud of dust where the shed had stood. Terror-stricken, I made my way to it, but to my great relief I met the two, badly frightened, but unharmed.

When we recovered from our shock we discovered that the flat roof of the shed had blown away and all the wall slabs had collapsed except a few behind which the two men had stood.

2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Wilson, Exeter, N.S.W.

Sheet of fire

ONE Sunday morning in 1920 I went into the backyard of our home in Albert Park. I felt intense heat, and was horrified to see a great sheet of flame coming towards me over the housetops. I stood rooted to the spot, and was severely burnt.

Then, screaming with fear and pain, I ran into the house, making for the sea opposite. Fortunately, my father stopped me.

A leak had developed in a gaspipe at the nearby gasworks, and, in spite of the efforts of one courageous man who attempted to turn off the valves, a quantity of gas escaped, and, becoming ignited, rose into the air a flaming, searing sheet of fire.

People who ran into the sea fared badly when the gas dropped as it neared the seashore. The aftermath was terrible to see as doctors and nurses treated the burned people on the seashore.

2/6 to Mr. K. E. Willman, 474 Barkly St., Footscray W11, Vic.

How to win Real Life awards

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of page 3.

Clouded hour

THE third time I took an aeroplane up by myself I cruised around for several minutes well below the height stipulated in our instructions. Then, noticing that the clouds seemed scattered, I thought there could be no risk in climbing above their level so that I might experience the new sensation of seeing them below me.

I pulled the nose of the plane into a steepish climb, and at an altitude of five thousand feet levelled out, enthralled by the beauty of my surroundings. Then I felt qualms.

A big break appeared in the clouds below and I closed the throttle, intending to dive through, but as I approached the gap closed and I found myself in a mist. Like all novices I did the wrong thing, and soon found the plane stalled upon her back.

Then she began to spin. My feet fell away from the rudder-bar, but I still hung on to the stick with both hands and pushed it forward to get it out of the spin. Nothing happened. The pressure was awful, and I was hurtling through space at a terrific rate.

I was numb and almost unconscious when I remembered instructions, and, pulling the stick towards me, was thankful to feel the plane respond. It flicked over in a quick half-roll, and was gliding normally and right way up about four or five hundred feet above the ground.

They told me afterwards I looked as though I'd seen a ghost. I can well believe it.

2/6 to E. J. Tucker, c/o Miss Dean, Shafton Ave., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane.



98. "Ordinary eye-brow pencil moistened with a little Vaseline Jelly makes an inexpensive and effective eye-shadow. Only the slightest smear on the lids is necessary to bring out the lustre of tired or dull eyes."—Miss E. Pratt, 50a Abbott St., North Sydney, New South Wales.

99. "A little Vaseline Jelly smeared on eyebrows before plucking keeps the skin from becoming tender afterwards and lessens any pain during plucking."—Miss N. Forbes, Verdun St., Surrey Hills, E.10, Vic.

102. "I find Vaseline Jelly excellent for sore or inflamed eyes. Smear a little round the lids each night before going to bed."—Miss Cook, 3 Clifford Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

100. "Every night I put Vaseline Jelly on my face and wipe it off to remove make-up and leave my skin smooth and clean."—Miss M. Saffar, Rathmines, Bunbury, W.A.

101. "Before starting to iron I always rub Vaseline Jelly into my hands to prevent the heat from drying them."—Miss I. Abernathie, Home Turn Rd., Warrunga, N.S.W.

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She Enjoys New Strength

"My general health has improved all round since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Mrs. G.W. of Ebor, Perth, W.A. "Before taking these pills I was a nervous wreck, could not sleep or walk far. My head ached and I thought it would never cease. My limbs trembled and I suffered giddiness."

"It was not long after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that the headaches and giddiness began to cease and my nerves became stronger. I am most satisfied with the results."

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The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



HOLIDAYS ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Telephone: MA4406.

MARGARET

FERRIS found the walk down Fifth Avenue like a bracing tonic, with the weight of her medical bag a satisfying reminder that she had a job to do in life and was going to do it. As she turned the corner of Twelfth Street she saw an old Italian peddling roses and daffodils from a baby carriage that had been converted into a pushcart. She bought some and with the flowers under her arm she had the pleasant illusion of strolling through a spring garden, instead of trudging the last dreary city block to her ground-floor apartment near Sixth Avenue.

Celia, her housekeeper, was waiting for her. Celia had an oblong face, black hair parted in the middle, and a resonant voice strangely without overtone.

"A fine time to come home," she greeted her mistress indignantly. "Luncheon's spoiled."

"That's too bad," Margaret saw that Celia had been on pins and needles about the appointment. She started to tell her what had happened, but her courage failed. She gave her the flowers, instead.

Celia took them and sniffed. "They won't last, they ain't fresh. Bet you bought them because it was an old lady and you was sorry for her. It's one of them rackets you read about."

"It was an old man," Margaret went into her consulting-room and put down her bag. She looked at her pad to see if there were any calls. The dry cleaner had called. And a Mr. Gibney. Mr. Gibney. Oh yes, the old young salesman from the equipment house, with his catalogue of gleaming cabinets and tables. She glanced about her office. Celia's unceasing war against dust made it spotless, but the equipment was meagre and outdated, with most of it inherited from her father. Mr. Gibney was the last notation Celia had made. Not a very prosperous practice, Margaret Ferris decided. It was the second year since she had opened her surgery in this neighborhood, and she was just beginning to be able to hold her head above water.

"Listen, Miss Margaret, why'n't you tell me?"

Women in White

Continued from Page 20

She wheeled to find Celia standing at the door, her lips puckering and her hands wringing her apron as if it were a piece of wet wash.

"Why'n't I tell you what?" Margaret demanded, knowing very well what Celia meant.

"Tell me what's wrong," Celia cried. "I knowed from the way you didn't say anything that there was a lot to say, and me fretting around all day like I was getting married. What did they do? Put the meeting off?"

"No, they held the meeting and they made the appointment. But they appointed somebody else." There it was out. She waited for the fireworks. At first, Celia didn't say anything, she just looked incredulous. Then she started to whip off her apron.

"I'm going to tell them. I'm going to tell them a thing or two!" she announced.

"Wait a minute," Margaret held out a detaining hand. "Who are you going to tell what?"

"I'm going to tell those people that they can't treat Doctor Ferris' daughter like this and hope to get away with it!"

"They're not interested in Doctor Ferris," Margaret began reasonably. "They never even heard of him. And as for Doctor Ferris' daughter, they just don't think much of the idea of women being doctors, and they don't think anything at all of women being surgeons."

"What right they got to think!" Celia demanded. "You're a full-fledged doctor, aren't you? Well? Celia always found actions easier than words. She started for the door. "As I said, luncheon's about spoiled."

Margaret Ferris smiled. In a few minutes there was a clatter of china from the living-room, and above it Celia's voice rose in defiance. "Of course they're not so wrong. Why on earth does a young woman like you want to mess around with doctor stuff anyway?"

"Ummm," Margaret glanced at the morning's paper on her desk.

Any kind of sound did for answer to Celia in a mood like this.

"I'm right and you know it," Celia continued loudly. "A woman being a doctor ain't natural and I'm not sure it's nice, and I says it to your face." She appeared on the threshold. "Better sit down before your food gets cold."

As she tried to work up some enthusiasm for the miniature banquet which Celia had prepared, Margaret took in her living-room with a fresh eye. It was a stranger's room—a way-station where she paused for food three times a day. It was a pleasant room, she discovered, with a straightforward, uncluttered charm. She ought to see more of it.

There were books on the shelves that didn't have to do with medicine. She ought to reread them. There was a deep soft lounge before the fireplace.

The fireplace had been one of the deciding factors in renting the apartment. She had had the vision of relaxed hours of withdrawal and peace. There just hadn't been any. What with clinics, the demands of even a small practice, and the almost hopeless task of keeping abreast of the medical journals, there were scarcely enough hours in the day for Dr. Ferris to work in, and there were none left over for the personal life of Margaret Ferris.

"Every time I think of it I get mad," Celia was still carrying on a grumbling monologue with herself. She brought in a cup of coffee, and placed it beside a flaky apple turnover. "Who do they think they are? You're as good as anybody, I say. That coffee's weak. I made it weak purpose, in case you don't like it. You drink too much coffee. Get more sleep, and you wouldn't need so much coffee, and you'd be better off . . ."

This was an old story of Celia's. She was always threatening to serve weak coffee, and never did. The cup was blacker than black, and strong enough to float an egg.

"Maybe I cooked it a little too long at that," she granted sheepishly.

Margaret savored the rich aroma with satisfaction. "I'll wring your neck," she said, "if you ever serve me weak coffee."

The dire threat made Celia's world bright again. When she and her mistress could talk like that, everything would work out all right.

"You ought to have some men in your life," she went on, pouncing on a cigarette box and wiping it violently with her apron before putting it on the table. Celia always pretended to be dusting when she slipped into her maternal manner. "Of course men aren't much good for anything, but they ain't so bad either. They spice things up, anyway."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 7.—Patricia Morison. The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Artist, Miliza Korjus.

THURSDAY, August 8.—Astrology Playlet for Children. FRIDAY, August 9.—Patricia Morison, Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, August 10.—Patricia Morison, Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

SUNDAY, August 11.—June Marsden, Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World Events and Personalities.

MONDAY, August 12.—Patricia Morison, Stories Behind the Ballets . . . Ravel's "Bolero."

TUESDAY, August 13.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

"If you break the handle off my grandmother's Wedgwood cup I'll do some spicing around here," Margaret Ferris warned.

"Can't a body dust without being told how?—Oh, I forgot, that Babson woman called up. Baby's got the bubbles. I told her to give it soda and boil out the bottles better."

"You didn't?" "I felt like it. But all I said was 'you'd stop in on your afternoon rounds.'"

"Celia, for the last time, why don't you put my messages down on the pad?"

"I only put down the unimportant messages, so as I don't forget them. And anyway you shouldn't be trucking around until you've eaten. The baby wasn't really sick—oh, yes, and Mrs. Deane called twice."

"Honestly, Celia, I could hit you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now. The oldest one has the asthma again. Must be a new style, children getting asthma. When I was young, only old ladies got took with it."

"Still, you should have told me," Margaret insisted.

"Listen, nobody ever died of asthma, they only choke with it. Anyway, what good are you on an empty stomach? If it was really important, I'd of told you right off, and you know it."

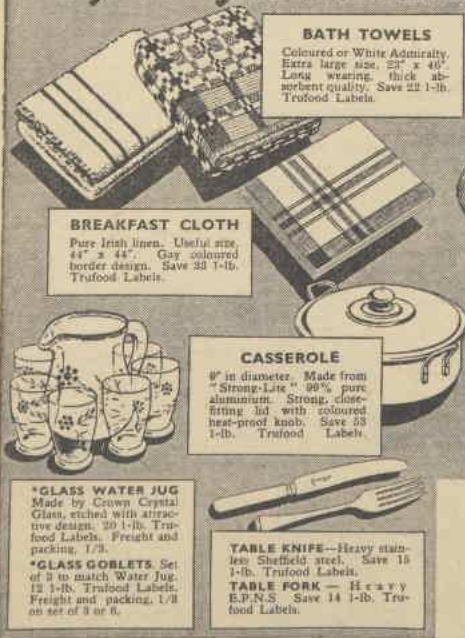
The funny part of it was that Margaret did know it. Celia would have made a marvelous nurse to some doctors, she reflected.

The doorbell cut off further argument. "Customers!" Celia cried, and rushed for a clean apron.

To be continued

What a lot of lovely gifts I get for TRUFOOD LABELS

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8" in diameter. Made from "Strong-Lite," 90% pure aluminum. Strong, close-fitting lid with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 35 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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Made by Crown Crystal Glass, etched with attractive design. 20 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/2.

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Set of 4 to match Water Jug. 12 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/2 on set of 4 or 6.

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Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. Save 15 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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More pure milk at less cost

A generous supply of nourishing milk whenever you want it, and at amazingly low cost! That's what Trufood gives you. It's so economical that you'll be able to use ever so much more milk in your cooking.

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Take your labels to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY, or to—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, Watt St., Newcastle. If you cannot call or send messages, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written—

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
3. The gift you require.
Enclose correct amount in stamps to cover freight and packing on goods marked * and post to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4307 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

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★ 1-lb. tin makes 8 pints of milk



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The modern way to keep false teeth clean is also the simplest. You just put your teeth into a glass of water in which 'Steradent' has been dissolved (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes film and stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people do this overnight, others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins 2/- and 3/6.

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FREE! Nearly 70 recipes in "The Milky Way of Cookery." Send to: Recipe Department, Trufood of Australia Ltd., Box 4247 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



• Lovely Carole Landis shares the limelight with a Great Dane in an amusing scene from Hal Roach's "Turnabout."

Lucky because she was thrifty

LOVELY BLONDE NEWCOMER GETS TWO UNUSUAL ROLES

From Barbara Bourchier, in Hollywood

HALF Norwegian, half Polish, Carole Landis has her own thrift to thank for her career.

At an age when most girls are spending their first earnings on dance frocks, cosmetics, and hair-do's this far-sighted girl was saving every penny to get to Hollywood.

Born on New Year's Day 21 years ago she received most of her education in California. After leaving High School she took various jobs singing and dancing in orchestras in San Francisco.

But Carole wanted to become an actress. As soon as she had saved up her fare she went to Hollywood.

A few "bit" roles were all that came her way. Then she had a fling at the legitimate stage, playing in a Californian production of "Roberta" in 1936.

She was also behind the footlights in Delaware—very briefly—in a play called "Once Upon a Night." The play, in which she had the feminine lead, lasted two nights. Carole doesn't like to think about it.

Then Carole returned to Hollywood. Hal Roach, impressed by her lovely figure and vital personality, decided she was ideal for two unusual films he had planned.

So you will see Carole as a primitive cavewoman in "1,000,000 B.C."

In "Turnabout," a version of the rollicking Thorne Smith novel, she has the role of a young wife who changes identity with her husband.

Carole is a natural blonde, with blue eyes and fair complexion. She is tall as film actresses go—five foot six—and weighs just under nine stone.

She is also one of the colony's best athletes.

In the movie colony she can take anybody on at a game of tennis, with the possible exception of Fred Perry.

She is just as skilful at badminton, and is an excellent swimmer.

She had a grand time during the making of "Turnabout," in which she shares a number of scenes with a Great Dane—the biggest that Producer Roach could find.

She loves dogs, owns three of them—two cockers named Terry and Jerry and a husky called Foolish.

Carole is a hard-working girl. She goes to night school, studies singing, the piano, and is learning French and Italian. She likes night clubs and parties.

But her name will not figure in the romantic gossip columns. As the recent bride of Willis Hunt, Carole is another young actress who is combining marriage with a career.

Everyone is Raving About This Thrilling New Type Shampoo!



IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft,
shining like silk.

Any Colour Hair Shines Like Silk!

It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men cannot resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo

works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL. IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What?" you say, "No second rinse?"

No vinegar or special after-rinses?

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.



• Joel McCrea, the man who was born in Hollywood, went to school there, and has lived there ever since. A film career for him was inevitable.



• Mr. and Mrs. McCrea (Frances Dee) in a scene from "Wells Fargo." They met in the movies.



• Actor McCrea, judged the most hard-working and honest of screen players, joins an informal script conference.

LOCAL BOY makes good again

JOEL MCCREA SOLD PAPERS TO STARS ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

JOEL MCCREA'S own life follows one of Hollywood's favorite story plots—that of local boy who makes good.

He was born in Hollywood, went to school in Hollywood—and has always lived there.

At the age of 34 he is one of the old-timers of the place.

As a boy he knew William S. Hart and Ruth Roland. He says it was the easy money he earned then—\$1 a day for riding in the Wild West serials—that made him think film acting was for him. Working his



• A homely snap of McCrea the rancher, who sees that his property pays its way.

way through school, he used to sell Cecil B. de Mille his evening newspaper.

Later, de Mille gave Joel his first film contract. In 1929 that was, and the lad then earned \$10 a week.

Fortunately for Joel the producer let him go—and he went to another studio at \$500 a week. Just over a year ago de Mille and Joel worked together again on "Union Pacific."

Today Joel earns \$20,000 a picture—and saves as much as he spends.

Joel's personal economy system was suggested to him years ago by Maurice Chevalier.

If Joel wants to buy something extra-special he'll spend weeks, or perhaps months, saving up for it out of his "spending money."

Nothing will induce him to touch the "saving half," which is to provide security for him and wife Frances Dee when he gives up acting, and provide a start in some profession for his two young sons.

The McCrea family, like so many other Hollywood professionals, live on a ranch. But, unlike most other film players, Joel takes his ranching seriously, and sees that the place is run on a paying basis.

When he arrived at Walter Wanger's studio recently to begin work in "Foreign Correspondent," Joel had a sun-tan which turned the other local lads green with envy.

But Joel's tan came from a

month's hard work from dawn till dark in an effort to get the spring planting on his property under way before the picture started.

This steady, business-like drive of Joel's, as well as his well-learned acting skill, keeps him in constant prosperous employment.

But—and this may surprise you—Joel is not a star.

After eleven years in films he is a leading man, which means fewer privileges, less money, and exactly what Joel wants.

"I've never wanted to have star rating because I dislike the responsibility. A picture hangs on a star. When the picture is

bad, the star is washed up. A leading man, such as I am, hangs on to a picture. If the picture isn't any good, the public say 'it's too bad about the picture, but it isn't McCrea's fault.' He did the best he could."

"That's what I mean by dodging responsibility. I may not make so much money, and I may not be raved about, but I'll keep going a lot longer."

And, as far as the fans are concerned, Mr. McCrea can keep going as long as he chooses.

Famous English Beauty -

Lady Grenfell is one of the most beautiful among the young marrieds in London society, noted for her elegance and chic. She has gleaming brown hair, blue eyes, and the fairest of fair skin.

BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY CARE FOR THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

CHARMING AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIFE

Mrs. Noel Hurd, of Edgely, is one of Sydney's smart hostesses, and her time is very occupied with entertaining, running her home, and looking after her small son, John. Mrs. Hurd is petite and vivacious, with honey coloured hair, big grey blue eyes and a beautiful fair complexion.

FIRST QUESTION TO MRS. HURD:

However do you get the time to keep your skin in such marvellous condition?

ANSWER:

"Just a few minutes every day with Pond's. That's all I need. I started to use Pond's Cold Cream years ago long before I was married, and I'm always thrilled to find how beautifully smooth and clear it keeps my skin. Pond's is such an inexpensive beauty treatment too. It only costs a few pence a week."

SECOND QUESTION TO MRS. HURD:

Do you think a husband notices whether his wife has an attractive complexion or not?

ANSWER:

"I'm sure he does! That's why I always take care to look after my skin with Pond's. I put Pond's Vanishing Cream on before I go out, and it always keeps my skin beautifully smooth. And of course, it's a marvellous powder base. It keeps my powder on for hours."

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawless and radiant.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight, too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/2 tubes, 1/2 jars and generous 2/6 jars, containing approximately 35 times as much.

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
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LIGHT CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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ADDRESS _____



Carole Lombard finds a new way of living

I VISIT MRS. GABLE AT HOME,
TO TALK ABOUT RACING, FOOD,
AND MODERN INTERIOR DECORATION

I HAVE just returned from an afternoon at the ranch home of Mrs. Clark Gable—better known to you and me as Carole Lombard.

I had lunch in her living-room, where easy chairs invite you to lounge and deep rugs punctuate the polished floors.

I ate sandwiches and cakes made by the Gables' plump housekeeper.

From their back porch I examined verdant pastures, chicken coops, and citrus trees.

I chatted with Carole about her three big new roles with RKO over which she seemed particularly pleased.

The first she will make is "They Knew What They Wanted," with Charles Laughton, her old friend. Her other films are "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" and "The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll."

And I have come to the conclusion that Carole is more truly contented than she has ever been in her life.

Before Carole met Clark she was a rowdy party girl who revelled in clothes and nightclubs. She was perhaps best known for her prac-

tical jokes—the crassest that have ever been played even in Hollywood.

But Carole's leading qualities are adaptability and practicality.

She is no happy-go-lucky debutante who won success in Hollywood through influence. She is just an average American girl who had to work hard, first for her living, then for her luxury. She had a rough spin, and a tough fight.

A shrewd assessor of human values she has deliberately adapted herself to the outdoor, virile life her husband prefers.

But Mrs. Gable has neither sunk her own personality nor forsaken her own ambition.

Carole has always loved pretty things and felt a joy in creation which once expressed itself in designing clothes for herself.

Now she lets competent experts plan her wardrobe while she herself, turning to interior decoration, arranges her home.

She is responsible for the living-room with its inviting air of simple comfort, its cool, green and sunshine-yellow color scheme.

She designed her own bedroom.

too, with its vast four-poster bed with a canopy of starched white cloth, and flowers all round the room.

Carole has always loved excitement. She still gets it—in happy excursions with Clark to Mexico, in New York seeing the shows, or at Hollywood premieres and theatres which they frequently attend.

Since she met Clark, Carole has become a most enthusiastic punter, and grows as excited as a child whenever she is lucky enough to score a win.

Carole has always been something of an athlete. Before she married

shooting for the week-end, Carole said she'd go, too.

And she bagged more birds than he did.

Now she always accompanies him on his trips—marching for miles with gun over her shoulder.

Remember their recent vacation in Mexico, when they were "lost" for 10 hours?

On their next holiday Clark and Carole cut short a New York visit in favor of a return to Mexico, as soon as they could. And that was at Carole's request.

Their ranch is in the San Fernando Valley, which is considered rather remote from Hollywood.

It has all the necessities one could wish—few extravagances.

The ranch covers 20 acres in all, has a main house, a small stable, a barn, a house for the hired farmer and his wife, and some chicken coops and brooders.

While the house is two-storied it has only three main rooms down stairs, two above stairs.

Between them the Gables earn \$110,000—Carole \$60,000, Clark the rest. And although seventy to eighty

per cent. is consumed in taxes they don't spend all their money by any means.

This is due to Carole, who has learnt in a hard school the value of keeping something for the future. Even if she cared much about housekeeping—which she doesn't—Carole has no time to run a household.

But their domestic staff is small—an expert cook-housekeeper, a butler-handly man, and Carole's maid, Loretta.

Clark usually spends every Sunday tilling his crops, trimming his fruit trees. When he is not working he will get up at seven o'clock in the morning, hitch their one mule to a road scraper, or run the tractor.

Carole's job is looking after the chickens—but I doubt that she does so at the expense of her very nice complexion.

She may be said to play at chicken-rearing. She enjoys the supervising. Carole hasn't changed. She is still the madcap who revels in practical jokes. She has just altered the direction of her activities.

Cost of living

AFTER Federal and State income taxes have been paid, between them Carole and Clark have \$25,000 to spend.

At a rough estimate their living expenses amount to £2880, spent as follows:

Taxes, £240
Water, electricity, supplies, upkeep, £1440
Wages, £720

Cost of food (they raise their own chickens and vegetables) is £480.

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

she was a prominent member of Hollywood's tennis clique, and played an excellent game of squash.

Now she has dropped both these sports—there isn't even a tennis court on their ranch home. But she has taken up hunting and shooting—her husband's favorite sports.

When she came to live in San Fernando she went off quietly and took shooting lessons from the local expert. The next time Clark announced he was going duck-

All's forgiven

IT looks as if Hollywood will see a reconciliation between two recently-divorced film star couples.

Tony Martin is flying from New York to Hollywood to have a decisive conference with Alice Faye on the subject of their reunion.

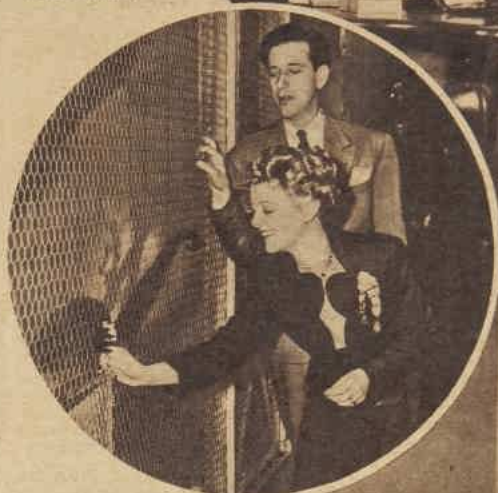
And there has been a hectic exchange of telegrams between Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable. Betty is due back in Hollywood soon.

And now they are three!



• Janet Gaynor, now Mrs. Gilbert Adrian, and the mother of a four-weeks-old son, is here shown with her husband in the living-room of their lovely San Fernando Valley home.

• The pair are keen home movie-makers.



• A pet monkey is an unusual feature of the Adrian menage. Here is Janet passing a titbit through its garden cage.

AT HOME WITH THE ADRIAN FAMILY

EX-FILM ACTRESS Janet Gaynor and her husband, MGM dress designer Gilbert Adrian, are now the proud parents of a four-weeks-old son, Robin Gaynor Adrian.

Robin is established in a luxury nursery suite, designed by Janet, which was added to their home early this year.

You see on this page exclusive studies of the Adrians, taken in their luxurious two-storied house.

It is situated on the slopes of the San Fernando Valley, an outlying suburb of Hollywood.

This is the home to which Adrian brought Janet as a bride twelve months ago.

Designed by Adrian in his bachelor days, it has every modern luxury and comfort you could imagine.

Janet and Adrian were quietly married last August at Yuma, Arizona, after a year's engagement.

Since her marriage Janet has retired from the screen, and is content to bask in her husband's limelight. For herself she has no interest in picture-making.

Janet has been living quietly at home these past few months, busying herself over preparations for the babe's layette. She herself knitted and embroidered many of the exquisite garments.



• Showpiece in their front hall—a staircase entwined with living ivy trails.



• Their favorite pastime is backgammon—at which Janet frequently beats her husband. Note the colorful mural behind Adrian.



ANNOUNCING A HOSIERY SENSATION

KAYSER

Twyn-Sylks

REG.

**TWO
ENTIRELY NEW
ECONOMY STOCKINGS**

Twin blessings to the modern lass! "Twyn-Sylks" by Kayser... a Service Weight for practical hard wear and a Service Sheer for smart social activity. "Twyn-Sylks" are full fashioned pure silk cleverly reinforced with rayon giving "honest-to-goodness" hard wear. Fashionably dull and presented in new and exclusive Kayser Compass Colours.

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SERVICE
WEIGHT

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SERVICE
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4 1/2

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INSIST ON

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

KAYSER

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ THE MORTAL STORM

(Week's Best Release)

Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart. (MGM.)

IN this poignant and timely drama of a family living in Germany during Hitler's rise to power, MGM launches an inspired and deadly indictment of the soul-crushing effect of Nazism.

In terrible detail the film shows how Nazism ruins family life, turning sons against their father, brothers against their sister, and lovers against their sweethearts.

As a human story about ordinary people it is far more telling than any documentary anti-Nazi film.

The story opens in a peaceful Alpine community, an important and beloved member of which is the kindly and eminent non-Aryan professor (Frank Morgan).

Then comes a radio announcement that Hitler has become Chancellor. Morgan's students, jubilant at the supposed rise to freedom, are soon burning the university library. From this they turn to persecution of the professor, who is finally driven to concentration camp.

His stepsons become Storm Troopers. His daughter (Margaret Sullivan) breaks off her engagement to Nazi convert Robert Young. A farming lad turned student (James Stewart) stands with Margaret against the evils of the new order.

Frank Morgan, in his radical change from comedy roles to sensitive drama, gives a most moving portrayal of the professor. Indeed, this praise for sincere and distinguished acting must include the whole cast—St. James; showing.

★★★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope. (Paramount.)

IT was a grand idea of Paramount's to team Bing Crosby and Bob Hope as a comedy team. Bing's drawing humor and Bob's quick, crazy repartee are beautifully contrasted.

The film is a light, carefree and tuneful affair, in which Bob and Bing, both fugitives from office desks, hope for masculine independence on a tropical island. Instead, they find a big settlement, they find a cabaret entertainer, Dorothy Lamour, who bosses them into orderly domestic living, and they find that they both love the girl.

Most catchy tune in the show is "Sweet Potato Pie"; most original comedy-gag the Patty-cake routine between Crosby and Hope; and the best scene, that in which the trio attend a native feast in burnt-cork disguise—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE BISCUIT EATER

Billy Lee, Cordell Hickman. (Paramount.)

THIS charming story of a boy and his dog gains unusual interest from its Georgia setting and from

Dangerous Varicose Veins can be reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any good chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

the hunting atmosphere. It would indeed have been a two-star film but for the tearful sentimentality which makes its latter half embarrassing.

Young Billy Lee, son of a famous dog-trainer, is given a pointer puppy which is the runt of the litter. How he trains the puppy, Promise, and how he nearly wins the Annual Dog-Trials, against his father's dog, makes the story.

Comedy is provided by Billy's little colored companion, Cordell Hickman, and thrills by the fascinating business of training the bird-dogs—Prince Edward; showing.

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL

Virginia Weidler, Guy Kibbee. (MGM.)

ALTHOUGH some may find "Bad Little Angel" too stickily sentimental, it is a well-acted homespun little film.

Based on Margaret Turnbull's book, "Looking After Sandy," it is set in the early bicycle days.

Virginia Weidler plays a friendless bible-reading orphan, who believes she is a harbinger of bad luck.

Running away to escape being sent to an orphanage, she falls in with Gene Reynolds, a bootblack in a New Jersey country town. Later local editor Ian Hunter takes her into his home. Then the trouble she always expects begins.

Virginia, giving one of her best performances, is excellent—Capitol; showing.

★ TURNABOUT

Carole Landis, John Hubbard. (United Artists.)

PRODUCED by Hal Roach, "Turnabout" is another of those fantastic tales by Thorne Smith, author of the two "Topper" books.

Story deals with a young husband and wife who change places—through the agency of an Indian god ornament which sits up on their mantelpiece.

Husband takes on the incongruous stammering mannerisms of wife, wife adopts the mannish poses of husband. Their voices are switched, too—very cleverly.

In these roles Carole Landis and John Hubbard, imitating each other perfectly, are excellent. But I found the subject in doubtful taste.

Early scenes in an advertising agency are particularly amusing—due mainly to the efforts of Hubbard, Adolphe Menjou, and William Gargan, eccentric partners in the firm—Mayfair; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** (plus) Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty, 14th week.

*** My Son, My Son. Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward in finely-acted dramatisation of novel. Century, 6th week.

** Irene, Anna Neagle, Ray Milland in attractive musical comedy. Regent, 3rd week.

** Return to Dawn, Danielle Darrieux in attractive romantic-drama. Savoy, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

OFF-SCREEN OCCUPATIONS



SCREEN VILLAIN—J. CARROL NAISH OWNS A BEAUTY SHOPPE!



A COLD BLOODED KILLER ON THE SCREEN, HUMPHREY BOGART OWNS A HALF INTEREST IN A SHOP WHICH SELLS BABY CLOTHES!



BORIS KARLOFF RAISES RARE ORCHIDS!

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

Robert Montgomery, film star, who went to France in May to drive an American ambulance, has returned to the States, where he will tour with the French film, "Blitzkrieg."

With the money raised he will buy ambulances for Britain.

LUIS RAINER will not make a film for Columbia after all, but she hasn't given up the idea of a screen comeback. She has been conferring with both RKO and Crierion Films, and seems interested in one of the latter's offers, a film entitled "Everybody's Talking About Jacques."

JUDY GARLAND will celebrate her eighteenth birthday at Ciro's night club.

WARNERS are worried by Olivia de Havilland's sudden interest in aviation—encouraged, no doubt, by her new brother-in-law, Brian Aherne, and her friend Jimmy Stewart, both of whom pilot their own planes. Olivia is now taking flying lessons on her days off—to the consternation of her studio chiefs.

A QUESTION concerning the House of Commons at the moment is the amount of money Gracie Fields and her producer-husband, Monty Banks, were allowed to take out of England.

Gracie and Banks, who were recently married in America, have been in Hollywood for several months. Gracie has cabled from California

denying the suggestion that she took out more money than that stipulated for people leaving Britain.

The cable says: "We are organising a three-months' tour of Canada for the British war funds and charities. We feel that the attendances will suffer terribly unless this matter is straightened out."

TYRONE POWER and Annabella have had to cancel their plans for a long vacation this year. Studio production plans will keep Tyrone before the cameras almost continuously for the next six months.

Now working in "Brigham Young," he will start "The Great Commandment" shortly. After that "The Call of the Wild" will keep him busy until well into November.

BETTE DAVIS has gone on record as saying that her favorite role among her own films is now that in "All This and Heaven, Too." Until she made this picture for Warner, Bette's choice was Judith, in "Dark Victory." And, by the way, Charles Boyer, who co-stars with Bette in "All This and Heaven, Too," must be among her favorite leading men. He will be teamed with her in two future films.

PENNY SINGLETON is starting work on a new "Blondie" picture with her broken ribs tightly bound in yards of adhesive tape. Following an automobile accident, doctors thought they would have to operate to get Penny's ribs straightened out, but they've decided to try wrapping her up in tape for three months instead.

"My waistline has never been smaller," says Penny cheerfully. "And it's a lot more comfortable than some of those corsets the girls are wearing."

Winter Troubles

Call for IODEX

Cold wintry weather brings with it many aches and pains, and at this time Iodex will prove a real "friend in need". For first-aid treatment of simple swollen glands, sore throat, stiff neck, pains and aches in joints and muscles, chapped hands and chilblains, Iodex will be found invaluable. Two interesting reports from our files are given below:—



Chilblains. "My daughter was suffering very badly with Chilblains on her fingers. They were itching badly, and inflamed and broken. Iodex gave her wonderful relief from the first dressing, and after a few applications they were quite cured."



Chapped Hands. "Iodex is excellent. I was suffering from very severe chapped hands. After three applications of Iodex my hands were completely cured."

FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. FASTEETH, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, holds teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any chemist (large or small size). **

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Crises Under Eyes, Backaches, Aching Joints, Acidity, or Burning passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Bristol) today. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—2/6; 4/-; 8/-.

Cystex
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



THERE it stood. I hadn't any real clue, either. I got the packet out—held it to my ear. No ticking! No rattles! Then I noticed some fine grains of black dust under a folded edge of silk, and thought of gunpowder, so took the thing into the yard and buried it.

The next thing was a headline in the morning paper. Another murder south of the River! In a corner of the Surrey Docks a Lascar had been found stabbed to death. He, too, was a member of the Ocean Friend's crew. Identified as a greaser known only by the name of Harree. No other clue. Same thing again on the air. "Will any person having any information—?"

Well, I ask you! I was trapped in some vicious circle. Harree, it seemed, had killed Sam, believing him to have received the packet, then someone killed Harree for the same reason. Both wrong. Evidently the practice was to stab first and search afterwards. How safe was I? Admittedly a low kind of reasoning, but it weighed heavily with me, so I shunned the South Side for a week, but that didn't help much. I couldn't carry it any longer.

Then I took the packet to the police and gave the whole story.

A queer interview, and I felt like a cur. The sergeant had hard blue eyes. They bored into me. If I'd side-stepped just a fraction it would have been—well—when I finished he only gave a grunt. Been examining the packet, turning it over and over while I talked, then, telling me to wait till he returned, he went out.

Three-quarters of an hour later he came back accompanied by an almond-eyed fellow who looked as though he knew all about jujitsu—yellowish face, big mouth, and not in uniform. He carried the packet as though it was worth millions.

"We're going into the city and want you with us," explained the sergeant. "I'll tell you now that you've done the right thing at last. Pity you didn't do it sooner."

We got into a taxi. I on the folding seat, the yellowish man—he was a Chinese interpreter—in a corner, holding the packet very carefully in two hands. He didn't talk, just stared at it.

We stopped in Lombard Street. I looked up and saw Sing Wong Loo and Co., Ltd., Importers, on a brass

Continued from Page 7

plate. Commissionaire at the door. Inside, a Chinese lift boy. He stared hard at the packet. The interpreter had said nothing on the way. That was his long suit.

On the second floor a very spruce Chinese secretary with an Oxford accent asked us to wait a minute. The general effect was as though the Orient had been tailored in Sackville Street, and these were the quietest offices I'd ever entered.

Then a big door opened. We went in after the secretary. He bowed to a man sitting at a large, shiny table, and to us. He went out and the door closed. The sergeant gave a nod, the interpreter took a step forward, bowed to the man at the table, and gave him the packet. Not one word had been said, and it began to give me the jumps.

For a full minute nothing happened. Mr. Sing Wong Loo, for that was his name, stood there devouring the thing with his eyes. He tried not to show excitement, but couldn't quite make the grade, and his fingers

twitched. I was dying to know what was inside, wondering if he'd open it while we were there, and reckoned the police must have X-rayed the thing or we wouldn't have carted it about as we did. We waited. The sergeant and I had chairs, but the interpreter was still standing.

Then Mr. Sing Wong Loo set his dark eyes on me, and smiled.

"Will you please tell me all you know about this?"

I did—everything—and felt cheap at the end of it.

"I thank you," he said; "so very much I thank you. You have no idea what value is here?"

I shook my head.

"Then you shall see."

He took a sharp knife, slit round the binding, not breaking the seal, and exposed a sandalwood box. Very gently he pried off the glued top. Inside was a nest of feathers. From the feathers he lifted a small vase some five inches high. As the light struck it I knew it for jade, and priceless. Mr. Sing Wong Loo fingered it with reverence.

"This jar," said he in a low voice, "contains the honorable ashes of my father."

Never was I so impressed. There he stood, a great merchant banker, in his frock coat, black tie and pearl pin, as perfectly turned out as any man in London town, with his modern mind and sharp, practical intelligence; there he stood, that vase in his hands, absorbed in contemplation of the grey dust it held that certainly in that moment meant to him more than anything else in the world.

"I think," he went on, looking straight at me, "that I should tell you something more. When Japan ravished Manchuria just as to-day she is ravishing China, my family's estates were in that country and we lived with my honorable father, a Manchu nobleman, near Tie-ling, which is not far from Moukden. The story is too long to be repeated now, except that my greatly-to-be-respected parent, himself a man of great age and defenceless, died at the hands of an officer of the invaders when attempting to protect my sister—his daughter. In this he was successful, but we were driven from Tie-ling, our estates confiscated, and since then we have lived in England."

"My revered father had at the time a devoted servant, one Hong Lee, who had buried his murdered master, and a year ago this man wrote to me that he was revisiting Tie-ling to try to discover the bones of my exalted father, reduce them to ashes, and bring them to me here. With gratitude I sent him this jar for the purpose, but heard nothing more till a letter came from Saigon by air saying he was on his way with what I so greatly desired to receive. He considered it safer to travel in a merchant ship, working his passage, and begged me to take no action whatever myself. The affair was his tribute to the memory of his master."

At this point Mr. Sing paused for a moment, fingers curving lovingly

COMPENSATION

I grieved that summer's pageantry was gone.
I had no beauty left to gaze upon.

Then winter, silently, rebuked my grief:

One morning, diamond blossom, crystal leaf,

And buds of pearl my window's limits framed.

Frost brought me beauty, and my grief was shamed.

—KATE KENNEDY.

over the vase, while again I saw that swarthy face framed in a brass port-hole. There were a lot of things about it I'd never get. Harree, for instance. Then the quiet voice came in again.

"That is one side of it. For the other, Hong Lee must have hidden the packet in a coal bunker—this black dust," he rubbed it softly, "is undoubtedly coal, and the Lascar, seeing him, took it to be possibly a box of jewels, so determined to steal it, not knowing that some third member of the crew was also in the secret. The reason Hong Lee asked your help was that he feared the Customs would open and empty the jar, thus desecrating what it held. He was quite right in what he did. So"—here another straight look at me—"once more I thank you. It is not possible for you to realise what this means to me."

Then he didn't say anything more, but stood, straight as a doorknob, holding the vase with his head bent over it like offering an oblation till the secretary came in and bowed the three of us out.

In the taxi the interpreter sent me a bland smile. "You have been honored to meet a great man; one who will not forget."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said he, "supposing you had played straight and taken that jar to the Deptford Road, Hong Lee would have been killed just the same, wouldn't he, and the Lascar got off with it. Certainly he'd have thrown away the contents, and sold the thing, that is if he'd had time. Anyway he also was doomed, and but for you the vase was doomed too. You're in luck, because you welched. I should like to meet you again. Here is my address."

This left me feeling very flat, for I couldn't well contradict him, and that's how it stood till next morning, when still another Chinese rapped at my door and handed me a letter. In it was a cheque for a hundred guineas from Mr. Sing Wong Loo, and a card with something in Chinese. I took this to the interpreter. He looked at it and grinned.

"Well," I said, "let's have it."

"You might translate it as 'Not infrequently do our earnings exceed our reasonable deserts, but to no man let this be a matter for self praise.'"

"That's Rochefoucauld, isn't it?"

I was not too pleased.

"Perhaps—I don't know—but Confucius said it first."

(Copyright)

NO HARSH PURGATIVES AFTER 35!

If you think it's an exaggeration to say "harsh purgatives are dangerous," have it out with your doctor. He knows that up to 75% of cases of a serious type of illness in people over 45 are the direct result of over-use of harsh purges

No child ever should be allowed to reach maturity thinking that the frequent use of harsh purgatives is a natural way to "cure" constipation. It is this "taking it for granted" attitude towards purges that leads people to continue with their use even after their condition has become chronic. These purges give only temporary relief by means of shock tactics—they do not get at the cause. What's more the bowels are irritated. You require no medical knowledge to realise that continuous irritation of the bowels can lead to serious harm.

It is between the ages of 35 and 45 that most damage is done by irritating the system with harsh drugs instead of relieving the system which, no doubt, you think you're doing. As any doctor will tell you,

the cause of common constipation is lack of "bulk" in the food you eat.

Our modern staples—potatoes, white bread, milk, meat, fish and eggs—contain hardly any "bulk." "Bulk" can be obtained from uncooked vegetables and fruit (cooking destroys "bulk"). But it is practically impossible to include a steady and sufficient supply of uncooked vegetables and fruit in modern meals.

That's why doctors to-day recommend Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that works on the muscles in the same way as fruit or vegetables—but more surely, more thoroughly. It brings about a normal, regular movement because it supplies the "bulk" that muscles need to make them work.



Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran regularly for breakfast with milk and sugar or sprinkled over any other cereal. Do this, drink plenty of fluids and you'll never be constipated.

All-Bran will have you SAFELY regular within a week.

PAIN that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.



"It's remarkable how MYZONE banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY

TICKETS, tickets, tickets, falling in showers—Red Cross, hospitals, child welfare, crowds of functions, all designed to aid some charitable or patriotic effort.

Now, my sisters, who work so energetically for these funds, to you I make a suggestion.

Aim at reduction of expenses by adopting a standard of simplicity—simple suppers, simple music, simple decorations.

For several years the custom has grown up of giving bountiful and elaborate meals at dances.

This may be all right in peacetime, in a prosperous and generous community. But now, when every shilling counts, why not revert to a simpler standard?

Most of us have a good dinner before we go to a party, and there is no need to spend half the proceeds in dainty and plentiful suppers.

Let us try to introduce some such reform for the duration of this dreadful struggle. The result would be a delightful surprise for the treasurers of the funds that would benefit by such economies.

El for this letter to Mrs. M. Phillips, 43 Mary St., Hawthorn, Vic.

STAYING IN BED

RECENT statistics tell us that women stay in bed for minor complaints to a much greater degree than men. Is this really so?

I have rarely known women to stay in bed unless very ill indeed.

The average housewife has far too much depending upon her to shirk her duties. She usually keeps on her feet until forced through sheer pain or weakness to stop.

Mrs. E. Dunn, O'Halloran Tce., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Stenographers' tastes in reading matter

MISS A. VINCENT wonders why there are not more readers among stenographers (20/7/40). Perhaps it is because they haven't the time for heavy reading.

Most office girls lead busy lives, and like to relax after a day's work. Miss E. Dobson, 64 Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.



Like light fiction.

Stagnate mentally

THE average stenographer is not well read.

Nor is the average woman. Her reading generally ends with her school days, and thereafter she occupies herself more with dress, personal friendships and social life.

Women should interest themselves more in books. If they were widely read they might take more interest in things outside their home and be, themselves, more interesting.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennant Fde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Tastes improve

MY experience has been that the younger stenographer is very fond of light fiction, but as the girls pass their teens the majority of them become more interested in best sellers and travel books.

A librarian friend tells me that when the girls hesitate over choosing a book she recommends something a little better than their usual choice. Invariably after that they do not revert to their former tastes.

Mrs. C. Dale, c/o Post Office, Mildura, Vic.

Do you talk about your operations?

I FEEL sure Miss Peggy Wilson (20/7/40) would be more tolerant towards those women who discuss their operations if she could realise that a serious illness or an operation is sometimes a great event in an otherwise uneventful life.

Even though some of us may be shy about discussing our own similar experiences, we can listen with the sympathy and understanding that will encourage another to re-live the one bright period when she was the heroine in a true life drama.

Mrs. H. Corby, c/o P.O., Bungendore, N.S.W.

A bigger bore

NO, Miss Wilson, you are not "old-fashioned, hypersensitive, or mid-Victorian" in refusing to discuss your "ops." in company.

You are saving yourself from becoming a bigger bore than the fellow who tells the yarn about "the one that got away."

Mrs. M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Huntville, N.S.W.

Bad taste

DISCUSSING operations in public is, in my opinion, bad taste. It is usually boring, if not repulsive, to the listeners.

Most operations, however, are such a shock to the system that they leave an impression on the mind, which seems to find relief in talking about them.

Mrs. G. Copley, Lucindale, S.A.

Don't Criticise

Organisers Unfairly

ONE often hears it said: "Oh, yes, so-and-so likes to run things, but somebody else can do the work."

Could any criticism be more unfair?

The person who runs a function cannot also do the work. His or her job is to see that others do it to plan, to attend to details, and to be ready for all emergencies.

More depends on organisation than the average person realises, and if we allow short-sightedness and petty jealousy to prevent our giving an organiser full collaboration and support we are crippling what might be a valuable contribution to the common good.

Miss Ruby McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

Mental comfort

I THINK Miss Wilson a little harsh on women.

Admittedly women do talk a lot about the intricacies of their system and the profundity of their ailments, but you should try to understand that a woman who has undergone a good many operations and endured a great deal of sickness often suffers from a neurosis which is hard to control. Discussing their problems with friends often helps them to adjust themselves to circumstances and gives them mental comfort.

Besides, men are no less guilty of this offence than women.

Donald Watson, 10 Bayview Flats, Bayswater Rd., Kings Cross, N.S.W.

Nearly cheered

I AGREE with Miss Peggy Wilson regarding discussion of operations. Also, I think it bad taste to inquire the nature of an operation.

Lately I heard a much younger woman, all agog, ask a much older woman who had mentioned that she had been in hospital for an operation: "What was the operation?"

I nearly cheered when the ex-patient said: "I really don't know. I had perfect faith in the surgeon, and I did not inquire."

Miss Georgina Scott, c/o 17 Violet St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Frightening children with the "bogymen"

I AGREE with Mrs. Marshall (20/7/40).

To frighten a child with a "bogymen" or "I will give you to the policeman" is not only cruel but silly.

A wise mother will speak to her child in a reasonable and truthful way, so that it knows that mother's



Try our patience.

word can be relied upon—whether for a favor or punishment.

G. Jewell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Too careless

PARENTS and adults are far too careless in the words they use to children, or in the hearing of children.

It is mostly due to thoughtlessness. If they would pause and realise what they were saying, they would be much more careful.

Later on, children are often punished for using the words they heard from their parents and elders.

Mrs. M. Kennedy, c/o P.O. Box 26, Yarram, Vic.

Count ten

SOMETIMES our little ones try our patience so much that we are inclined to call them anything but angels.

But let anyone else say the same thing to them and we immediately defend our own offspring.

It's a pity we could not count ten before we speak in anger or exasperation.

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 21 Fort Ave., Corryton, Magill, S.A.

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

CHILDREN CAN HELP

THIS is the right time to start our young people off on a campaign of economy and self-discipline.

While countless numbers of innocent children are suffering from the effects of war overseas, our carefree young Australians could do much to alleviate their distress.

They could deny themselves the pleasure of cinema shows, say, every second week, and give half the amount usually spent on sweets and ice-cream to a common fund to help feed poor little war victims.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Barrett St., Booval, via Ipswich, Qld.

FAMILY LOYALTY

I WONDER why so many married women will criticise their husbands to friends and neighbors!

In my opinion loyalty, like charity, should begin at home.

Even if a member of the home is cantankerous or unworthy, it is better not to criticise him to outsiders. The sympathy that listeners give is usually insincere.

Afterwards, the majority laugh about such confidences, and their contemptuous comments would be a revelation, and perhaps a lesson, to those who have been so loquacious about their family affairs.

Ailsa Knight, Cullengong, Gulgong, N.S.W.

SISTERS, REBEL!

ALTHOUGH both go to business and pay board at home, why should so much more be expected of the daughter of the house than the son?

The daughter is expected to help make the beds, do washing-up, while the boy lies in bed of a morning and then bolts his breakfast down and runs for his bus.

After dinner at night he just pines himself and goes out. Don't you think it would be fair for the boy to have his jobs, too? It is time we girls rebelled.

Miss Janice Stewart, 156 Toorak Rd., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Put An End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES With The Aid Of Zam-Buk

ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with, but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking open and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all winter if you follow this easy treatment. Give your feet and hands a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

and where the skin is broken gives complete antiseptic protection. If your feet are aching and tired, or you have corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus aching joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened by Zam-Buk and foot comfort is assured. Get a box of Zam-Buk to-day!

1/4 or 3/4 a box. All Chemists and Stores.

Use ZAM-BUG Regularly



"The chilblains on my feet and hands itched continually and eventually broke out. Zam-Buk proved very soothing and healing, and I was soon free from chilblains." Mrs. E. Hayes.

"I've got new feet! Washing them every night in warm water and using Zam-Buk brought astounding relief, and pain and inflammation are gone. I now walk or stand with ease." Miss L. Phillips.



EYES HEAVY WITH 'FLU'—a sluggish decision, and crash!—You're in an accident. Many car accidents are caused by 'flu. You must be physically and mentally alert, especially these winter days with the slippery roads and drizzling rain.

When 'flu gets you you're not fit to drive, you're not fit to work or anything. So keep your head above the 'flu line this winter. Pour new strength into your bloodstream and build up your resistance with Bonox. Drop in at any cafe, milk bar or hotel and have a steaming hot cup of Bonox. Or buy some Bonox in the 1, 2, 4, 8 or 16-oz. size on your way home to-night. Mix a steaming hot cup before you go to bed. That's the way to keep your head above the 'flu line.



CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes . . . 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

Women also Serve.

She ties knots to speed up munition production

TYING knots in lengths of string used for making munition-box handles is the latest job undertaken by Mrs. Phyllis Pullman in Adelaide to help speed up our defence output.

Returned to the factory in neatly tied bundles of a hundred lengths, the knotted handle-lengths are a great time-saver to factory workers.

Mrs. Pullman gets the string in huge bundles from a munition-box factory. It is already cut in lengths and specially treated with a tar preparation for strength.

The task of knot-tying is simple, but tying them by the thousand makes this a big job. Mrs. Pullman, who is one of South Australia's best-known radio personalities, is an untiring war and charity worker.

Since the war her voice has become a welcome link between men in A.L.P. camps and their homes. Each day she begins her broadcast sessions with special cheerios and messages to sailors, diggers, and airmen. Her radio appeals have raised large sums of money and comforts galore for the fighting forces and the Red Cross.

Victorian drive for the Lady Gowrie appeal

DURING the first weeks of this war Lady Gowrie launched an appeal for Red Cross funds, the Lady Gowrie Appeal, which to-day stands at £280,000. To augment the funds Victoria has now launched a special drive to raise £50,000 in four weeks.

Since she started the drive, Lady Gowrie has given it her constant support. She has made nation-wide broadcasts and personal visits to centres as far afield as Darwin, bringing even more enthusiasm to the already enthusiastic helpers. Now over 2000 branches throughout the Commonwealth are following her lead.

Lady Gowrie herself, with the energetic co-operation of Canberra residents, did splendid work in organising a fair at Government House when £7000 was raised.

Then when the British Red Cross appealed through Australian branches for a number of ambulances to serve abroad, Lady Gowrie was personally responsible for collecting the funds to provide two complete units.

These are to be built in Australia, like the other forty-eight for service at home and abroad, which were this country's answer to the appeal.



MRS. PHYLLIS PULLMAN at work in her sitting-room in Adelaide tying knots in string used for making munition-box handles.

Demonstrates A.R.P. in home-built shelter

MEMBERS of the National Council of Women of N.S.W. saw some realistic demonstrations of bursting "bombs" when they inspected the first Anderson steel shelter to be erected in Sydney.

This shelter, which is the type widely used in England, was put up for demonstration purposes by Mrs. Alan Brooksbank, of Bellevue Hill, who, when in England in 1935-36, made a keen study of A.R.P. measures.

She is anxious to pass on her knowledge, because she is convinced that an understanding of the comparative safety that can be found in home-made shelters produces a feeling of confidence.

Mrs. Brooksbank conceals her own "bombs" and then explains what should be done in the case of the real thing. She has already lectured in Brisbane and Melbourne.



MRS. W. J. SACHS, busy as a cheery hostess at the Air Force Recruiting Depot in Brisbane.

Mothercraft workers now look after Brisbane's air-force men

THE Mothercraft Association in Brisbane has turned part of its attention from brand-new babies to brand-new airmen.

The Association now conducts a refreshment room at the Air Force Recruiting Depot in Brisbane.

Mrs. W. J. Sachs and Mrs. C. E. Parkinson share the duties of convener, and they find the men are deeply appreciative of the results of their voluntary efforts.

Hot midday dinner is served for sixpence, while at any hour a cup of tea with something to eat is provided for twopenny. Meals are prepared in the kitchen attached to the depot and served at a long table in a room next door by voluntary workers each day.

Applicants waiting to be called up are not neglected, either. They find it a great comfort to be fortified with a cup of tea and a cheery smile.

Lady Cilento is president of the Mothercraft Association.

Navy's fiancées wear gold anchor badges

WHEN Brisbane wives and mothers of naval men formed an auxiliary to provide comforts for men on active service and to assist wives of sailors, eleven were present at the first meeting.

After a few weeks the membership has grown to over 50. The patroness is Mrs. E. C. Rhodes, and Mrs. H. P. Jarrett is president.

At the weekly meetings members offer suggestions as to how they can further their movement, and discuss the latest news of their menfolk. Wool is distributed and comforts despatched to men at sea.

A Younger Set has also been formed of girls whose fiancés are in the Navy. Very attractive badges have been issued, made of an anchor in gold surrounded by a blue background on which is written "Naval War Auxiliary."

Township's sheep dogs become war fund workers

MAKING a Sheep Dog Field Trial Day their initial venture, the Jamestown Women's Sports Club has just raised £107 for the Fighting Forces Fund in South Australia and the Jamestown Hospital.

The trials were held on the local showground.

Organising was in the hands of Mrs. R. M. Cox, president of the club, and joint-secretaries Mrs. S. B. Opie and Mrs. J. Rosa, backed by a large band of energetic members.

"Men of the district were most enthusiastic when we suggested having a Field Day and took a lot of responsibility connected with the trials off our hands," said Mrs. Cox.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great power of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1332E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

BACKACHE!



RELAX ACHING MUSCLES

drive pain clean out!

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Tired, sore, stiff muscles relax... pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

DO YOU KNOW?

SINGLE TOOTH PROVED DISCOVERY OF NEW TYPE OF MAN

ANNOUNCED THE EXISTENCE OF AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF MAN AND EVIDENCE OF ONE HUMAN TOOTH, DISCOVERED IN THE CHU KOW TIEN CAVE NEAR PEKING. HE GAVE THIS RACE THE NAME OF SINANTHROPUS. LATER DISCOVERY OF A COMPLETE SKELETON IN THE EXTINCT ARE MAN, CONFIRMED THAT HE WAS CLOSELY RELATED TO THE MODERN MAN.

YOUR TEETH ARE MADE TO LAST A LONG TIME—BUT GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY! CLEAN YOUR TEETH WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM—FREE FROM DENTAL DECAY.

YOUR MOUTH CAN BE A BREEDING GROUND FOR DEADLY BACTERIA!

DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DEADLY DENTAL DECAY BEGINS ON CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH." THE DENTIST'S REMEDY IS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM IS AN ANTISEPTICALLY PURE TOOTH PASTE. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM IS THE ONLY TOOTH PASTE THAT KILLS DOWN TO THE WHITE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM IS THE ONLY TOOTH PASTE THAT KILLS DOWN TO THE WHITE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM IS THE ONLY TOOTH PASTE THAT KILLS DOWN TO THE WHITE ENAMEL.

AGOD!

BECAUSE HE HAD THE FORCE & MARVELS OF THE THREE GODS REGARDING A CERTAIN MODERNITY AS A GOD! THEY CALLED HIM SARIGH!... BECAUSE HE REMOVED HIS ARTIFICIAL TEETH! YOUR TEETH WILL STAY STRONG & SOUND WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY BY CLEANING EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY & ANTISEPTICALLY.

FALSE TEETH!

SACRED TOOTH CONVERTS DOUBTING EMPEROR!

"THINKING THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA TO BE A SPURIOUS RELIC, THE EMPEROR ORDERED IT TO BE THROWN INTO A PAIL. THE WATER IMMEDIATELY BECAME AS PURE AS THE WATER OF HEAVEN. GOLDEN FLOWERS GREW FROM IT, WHILE THE TROOP FLORISHED IN RAPID CIRCLES. ELEPHANTS TRAMPETED AND THE PEOPLE SHOUTED FOR JOY AS THE EMPEROR ANNOUNCED HIS CONVERSION TO THE FAITH OF THE TOOTH!"

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2!

FALSE TEETH!

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Clear away COLD SORES

Don't suffer with painful, ugly cold sores. Heal them speedily with soothing Rexona Ointment. Pain is eased instantly when you apply Rexona and after a few days of treatment, sores disappear. To hasten their cure keep the sores thoroughly clean by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same healing medication as the Ointment.



BUY REXONA AT
YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE
NOW!

OINTMENT—1/4 per tin.
Also extra large tins, three
times the quantity, 3/-
SOAP—1/- per tablet. (City
and Suburbs.)

U.S.228.57

MISSING FRIENDS

TOM REGINALD PHILLIPSON

If Tom Reginald Phillipson, whose last known address was Henderson, Auckland, New Zealand, and who left for Australia about five years ago will communicate with the undersigned he will hear something to his advantage. The Trust Manager, Trustee Executor and Agency Branch, THE NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand.

At seven-thirty her cooking was barely commenced, and she hadn't so much as had time to glance at herself in the glass or to run a comb through her wind-tossed curls. At any second now she expected to hear Paul's knock on the door.

Instead, she heard another sound—a child's thin treble, peevish and unhappy.

"Mummie!" Kenneth was wailing. "Oh, Mummie, do come, please do come!"

Sandra set down her dishes. Even if Paul, darling Paul, sat supperless on the door-step all the evening, she couldn't neglect a poor crying baby who had for this first time in his short life been parted from his mother.

"What's the matter, darling?" she said tenderly, panting a little from dashing up the stairs.

"My ear hurts," sobbed Kenneth. "And I do want Mummie!"

Sandra took him up in her arms. It wasn't, she believed, the proper thing to do, but she couldn't help it. She was anxious, too.

"Which ear is it, Ken?"

"This one."

"What, this funny little ear?" Kenneth's tears suddenly dried. He smiled at her very sweetly and snuggled up close to her.

"Doesn't hurt now," he announced contentedly.

"Then you must go to bed like a good little boy," said Sandra firmly.

Kenneth looked at her accusingly out of enormous blue eyes.

"You didn't sing," he complained. "Mummie always sings."

Sandra, very obediently, lifted up her voice and sang.

She was still singing ten minutes later when Paul, having knocked gently, then more firmly, then quite hard, had finally opened the door and walked into the hall.

First he looked into the sitting-room, and saw a gate-legged table neatly spread. Then he peeped into the kitchen and thoughtfully turned down a gas-jet under a bubbling

saucepan. And at last, greatly daring, he began to tiptoe up the stairs.

At the top he paused and listened intently. Sandra's voice came to him, low and clear and comforting, like the cooing of a wood-pigeon on a hot summer day.

"This little pig went to market,

And this little pig stayed at home,

And this little piggie had bread and cheese,

And this little piggie had none,

And this little piggie went weel weel all the way home!"

A sleepy crow of delight from Kenneth.

"Adain, Auntie Sander."

Paul stole to the open door, and, holding his breath, looked round it.

"This little pig stayed at home."

Sandra's voice died away. She rose to her feet, Kenneth now at last sleeping. She looked weary, pale, and just a little dishevelled, and Paul adored her.

Outside on the landing she turned to him apologetically.

"I'm sorry I didn't hear you. Do believe that I wanted to be waiting at the door, with supper all ready."

He caught the little anguished note in her voice, and slipped a gentle hand through the crook of her elbow.

"Supper's going to be ready," he said, "in a very short time. And here's the new cook—at your service. You can trust him, madam; he's quite competent and has excellent references. You're going to run away now and lie down for ten minutes. When you come down it will all be finished. Go along, Sandra."

Sandra hesitated.

"I CAN'T—I oughtn't to let you—of all people, go messing about in the kitchen!" Her laugh held just the faintest trace of tears.

"I'm not going to mess about," he gazed at her critically. Was she trying to be deliberately formal with him? Didn't she want to be friendly?

Suddenly his gaze softened. He took two steps forward and bent his tall head down, down, till his lips touched her hair and brushed, very gently, the peach bloom of her cheek.

"Do go along, Sandra," he whispered, and added one little word faintly under his breath. "Darling!"

Then he turned swiftly and bolted like a shy rabbit down the stairs and out of sight.

Sandra did not waste her ten minutes, though she couldn't bring herself to obey Paul's instructions to lie down. Instead she washed, brushed her hair, and changed into a pretty gown.

And all the time she upbraided herself for a lack of gratitude—gratitude to the children, to the Pates, to everyone and everybody who, combined, had brought about the delicious set of circumstances which had culminated in that precious half minute of ecstasy at the top of the stairs—with Paul.

She remembered that Paul had looked at her rather peculiarly just before he had kissed her cheek.

Wasn't he sure, then? Was he doing this out of pity or kindness, from an inherent niceness of heart? If only she knew!

Paul had said, very definitely, that he had been called home on business, though what business he could possibly have in this out-of-the-way village Sandra couldn't imagine.

Very gravely she descended the stairs, just as George put his key in the lock and Paul emerged triumphantly from the kitchen with

CORNS

lift out

Cheer up! Forget that nasty burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frostal-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frostal-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frostal-Ice for 1/6.

This Little Pig

Continued from Page 30

the result of his labors on the best silver entree dish.

Sandra introduced the two men, and allowed herself to be led to the table with ceremony and seated in the place of honor and toasted in the sherry which Paul had thoughtfully brought with him from the village.

When the meal was finished, George cast himself into the deepest armchair and tactfully fell fast asleep, while Sandra and Paul wandered out through open French doors into the moonlit garden.

"Listen to the crickets," said Sandra, hearing them through the wild beating of her heart.

"Fine day to-morrow," prophesied Paul. "Please, Sandra, may I come and play with your new family? And the next day? And the day after?"

"But what about your business?" said Sandra. "The wireless message that brought you back?"

He hesitated.

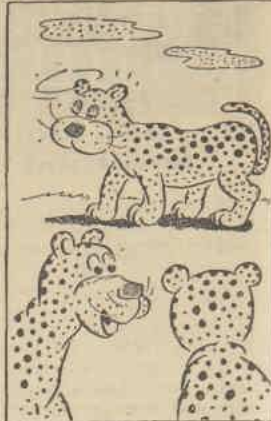
"I hoped," he said haltingly, "that I was right when I imagined that the wireless message came from—your own dear heart."

Sandra drew a deep breath. Was this Paul, the clever, confident Paul, standing there stammering in the moonlight like a self-conscious schoolboy?

"Did you think I would go off without you, darling? Did you think any holiday, any tour would be endurable unless you came too? Sandra, I was nearly frantic when you didn't turn up this morning. I'd been pinning my hopes on these three weeks to try to make you care for me. I wanted to be sure, you see, and I didn't want to rush you. But now I can't wait any longer. I love you so much. And I want you to marry me just as quickly as it can possibly be arranged. Sandra, what is it? You're not going to cry, are you? Darling, what's the matter?"

He took her in his arms and held her gently, close to him. She heard his heart thumping.

Animal Antics



"He's got measles, but nobody will believe him!"

"You're so sweet," he muttered, "and so lovely. And such a little brick to those children."

"If you only knew how discontented I've been all day," she whispered. "Inside me, there's been a raging, grumbling furnace. I hated staying behind. I hated giving up everything. I didn't feel sweet or generous. Oh, Paul, I'm really a selfish little pig at heart, as you'll discover in time, but I do love you!"

He held her a little way from him and looked down into her radiant face.

"This little pig stayed at home," he quoted. "But not for ever, Sandra. I forgot to tell you. I rang up the travel office, and they said we could use the tickets again any time within the next six weeks. And six weeks is the limit of time I can endure to wait before I set out on my honeymoon—with you."

(Copyright)

GOSH, I HOPE TOM
WON'T NOTICE YOUR
TERRIBLE LADDER

I COULDN'T HELP IT,
PARTNER—IF BETTY'D
ONLY LUX US, SHE'D
CUT DOWN LADDERS

LUX your stockings straight after wearing... to remove perspiration, restore elasticity and save needless ladders. Rubbing with ordinary soaps is harmful. Use only gentle creamy Lux—it contains no soda.



MEN HATE CROOKED
SEAMS, WRINKLED ANKLES,
BAGGY KNEES. LUX
RESTORES ELASTICITY...
STOCKINGS FIT
BEAUTIFULLY

A LEVER PRODUCT.

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The Modern Miss



takes
**Beecham's
Pills**



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box

book to read

Changed lives of child evacuees

Moving story of small boy who had too much courage

East End children evacuated to an English village are the central characters in Joyce Cary's "Charley Is My Darling."

Joyce Cary's insight into child psychology, the drama and tragedies of childhood, and the rarely successful attempts of adults to understand the minds of children make this a deeply moving story.

CHARLEY becomes leader of the "gang" because of his marked courage, resourcefulness, and highly-developed imagination.

Though finally regarded as a very "anti-social" little boy, his personal charm and obviously sincere repentance for his swiftly-recurring misdeeds make him the darling of the worried sympathetic adults in charge of the evacuees.

The evacuation setting gives Joyce Cary's story topicality, but it is a story of events that might happen anywhere where children with imagination and initiative highly developed from making their own fun in crowded, poor districts were transplanted to a quiet, uneventful existence in the country.

Charley is an outcast at first among the children, but he establishes himself as leader when he tells them highly-colored stories and leads them on fantastic adventures. This is a sample of his story-telling:

"I tell you not the Diamond Gang did—they went into an empty 'ouse—a castle it was—a duke's castle—went in by the cellars, see, through an underground passage—and they went and pinched carpets and furniture and pictures and gold ornaments and silver frames and statues, and of course they pinched the finest things, wye, some of the pictures was worth thousands of pounds and a lot of the chairs was all over gold with silk cushions and they 'ad all sorts of wines and champagnes."

"Wot did the gang want the castle

for?" Harry, the timid sceptic, wants to know.

"Why they lived there—with pictures like at Windsor Castle and marble statues and golden pillars and carpets like grass all with flowers in 'em, yers, an great bowls full of roses and every night they 'ad fountains playing with colored lights. And a band playing music every day—different music, like in the Pallydancer."

The girl-friend

HARRY is sceptical about whether it could happen in England as well as America.

"Of course it 'appens, but they don't put it in the papers 'ere—the cops is afraid, see. They're afraid everyone'd start doin' it—it's too easy."

When the gang embarks on a series of housebreakings Charley does all the dangerous work, the actual breaking in. He is not particularly interested in carrying off the "stuff." He prefers to play host in the grand manner of the film gangsters in stately English mansions.

Through all these hair-raising adventures Little Galor, a plain little village girl, is a courageous assistant. She is Charley's brusquely-treated girl friend, and her comradeship and motherly concern for him give her a pathetic adult dignity.

Charley stages a typically grandiose farewell to his life of crime.

Liz and he are going to stow away to Ammurca, where Charley is going to work for £1 a day. Liz is going to have a nice little house with a lavish tiled bathroom, and a veg-



CHILDREN evacuated from war-endangered areas to the English countryside. The scheme has been highly successful, types like Charley, the central figure in Joyce Cary's book, being rare, but a problem that is being coped with by trained social workers.

table garden for her and a greenhouse for Charley.

The gang stages a fabulous party in an untenanted house, finishing by smashing thousands of pounds' worth of pictures, and tearing down a crystal chandelier.

The law catches up with Charley, but he escapes and sets out for Southampton and freedom with Liz. But again the law catches up with them.

"Wye can't they leave us alone, Liz? We ain't kids now. We wouldn't give no trouble to nobody. I could do a job, couldn't I, and you could cook or wash?" Charley says.

"They won't. Cos we're kids," the wise Liz replies.

"Well, wot about it, if we are a bit young?"

"They got it in the laws—the lady told me . . . A lot of kids is silly. They can be a fair nuisance, too.

I suppose they got to have laws agen the bad 'uns."

"Girls did oughter have more sense than boys. They'm bound to be more forethanking."

A policeman arrives to take Charley back to custody.

"Charley turns like an automaton; Liz, the polite little girl ready to do the proper thing, gets up and comes forward. Suddenly her face twists, and instantly both children break into loud gasping sobs. But they stand before each other stiffly, as if at a dance lesson.

"They shake hands and then obviously thinking that this is not the full ceremony necessary to the occasion, they put forward their faces awkwardly and brush their dry lips together. It is the first time they have kissed . . ."

"Charley Is My Darling," by Joyce Cary. (Michael Joseph). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



... when discoloured BLONDE HAIR regained its shining glory!

The fascinating glamour of blonde hair has a spell-binding appeal that few men can resist!

This is your extra sex appeal. Guard it jealously. Keep glamorous high lights in your fair hair always with Sta-Blond. For Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and brings back that irresistible golden sparkle to faded, moult hair.

No injurious dyes or bleaches in Sta-Blond. Its precious Vita-F nourishes the hair!

ENGLISH PRODUCT.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES' OWN SHAMPOO

End Rheumatism

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Weakened, you fall prey to rheumatism. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC. Removing the basic cause of rheumatism by cleansing the colon of poisons, COLOSEPTIC then feeds your starved blood-stream with essential minerals. Strengthened, aglow with life, you quickly cast off rheumatic attacks. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

BUNK! IF I HAD "B.O." I'D KNOW ABOUT IT!



"WEANING?"

That'll be all right you'll find"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"You must expect baby to object to a change of diet—and he's only one way of expressing himself—but he has to get used to a mixed diet. I've always found Robinson's "Patent" Groats the greatest help at this stage—it really does enable baby to keep his temper! It's a finely ground cereal food easily prepared—the directions are on the tin. And it contains all those good things which help baby to develop sound and healthy bone and muscle."



ROBINSON'S
"PATENT" GROATS

"MY BOOK"

A complete guide to infant feeding will be sent if you write Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2593 MME, Sydney, and enclose 3d. stamp for return postage.



"YES, well. He's there too. That sort of starchy thing."

"And the death—was that a man or a woman?"

"You can't tell; it has prongs both ways."

"Well, go on."

"That's about all there is. All those little speckles around the dark woman mean night, and it looks like a short trip in there. She isn't so bad, either; she's pointing at the man—see?"

"He looks rather wet. Can he be an alcoholic?"

"That's just tea. Well, there you are. A short trip, a romance, a death, a dark woman and a law court. Oh, yes, and a change."

"And when will all this happen?"

"Within the week." He was still studying the cup. "By gum, I never saw such a week!" he muttered.

"Why within the week?"

Beware of a Dark Woman

Continued from Page 5

"That's all a teacup's ever good for. My grandmother used to read them, and I picked it up from her. And yet she and my Aunt Henry would worry about things way in the future."

"But you don't believe in tea-leaf fortunes, Oliver?"

"Well, of course I don't." But he was still musing over the scattered fragments of leaf in the cup.

"Now how about yours?"

"I haven't any. Except that one speck that might mean a call-down from Mr. Pentrice, or a letter from Mother, or any old thing. Look, this dark woman isn't so bad—don't be scared of her. She may be all right. She's the kind of leading you—see the line of speckles?"

"I don't expect that much excitement in my whole life," Alison said.

when they were out in the street again, parting.

"But it did amuse me, and supper has cheered me up immensely, and I think you're a darling. Now race to your fights or you'll be late and make him mad."

"Watch out for yourself this week, won't you?"

"I will."

"And don't be afraid if it all begins to happen."

"I won't. And neither," Alison added as a last shot, "will it."

"D'you mean to say you don't believe in any of it?"

"Well, in a word, no."

"But you wouldn't bet on it?"

"Wouldn't bet that in this single week—say, until next Friday at this time, a change, a romance, a dark woman, a trip, a death, and a lawsuit wouldn't come into my life?"

"I didn't say a lawsuit. I said I saw you in court."

"Well, leave it that way, then. You're ready to bet any one of these things will materialise?"

"Sure I am. Five dollars."

"Done! If any of it does," said Alison, deeply amused at herself inwardly because the mere thought of it made her blood run faster and her life suddenly to take on interest. "If any single detail of it does, I'll owe you five dollars. Is that fair enough?"

"I'll leave that to you," he said generously, with his ridiculous air of being serious about absurdities. Alison was laughing as she left him, and smiling as she walked home.

It was Saturday night, and nobody telephoned and nobody called. It was Sunday, and everyone else in the city seemed to be hurrying, laughing, accompanied.

Only Alison Burleigh was alone. She came back from church to wash her hair, and while it was drying in the sharp sunshine at her window wrote her stepmother a gossip letter. Her stepmother had been a schoolteacher for fourteen years; now, at thirty-six, she was going to have a baby, and was enjoying all the excitement and raptures of the youngest mother of them all. Perhaps life had more flavor when one had to wait.

But, oh, the waiting was hard! Alison always welcomed Monday, with its necessity of return to the office, and was always conscious of hurt, of deep ashamed hurt, when she did so. Everyone ought to be sorry to go back to work on Monday. But for more than a year now she had been secretly glad of it. She had been glad of it even before Lawrence Pentrice had been added to the staff.

There! She had said it to herself. Perhaps helped to an introspective viewpoint by Oliver Patton's idiotic fortune-telling, or perhaps with her eyes cleared by the unwonted weakness of that mood of tears, she saw it now.

EVERYTHING else in her life had gone tasteless and futile just because of him, and the whole world had become nothing but a setting for a tall, silent, gentle man who apparently was completely unconscious of his secretary's existence.

On the Monday after her breakdown, after Oliver Patton's reading of her fortune in tea-leaves, Lawrence Pentrice did have something unusual to say to her, and that of a nature so disturbing that Oliver and his nonsense vanished completely for the time being from Alison's thoughts.

He said it carelessly, almost as if incidentally, in mid-morning, when the first batch of the day's work was over, and Alison had brought him a sheaf of letters to sign.

"And there's a Mr. Bulet in the waiting-room, Mr. Pentrice."

"Oh, yes. There was a letter with some sketches—"

He looked up, and she touched a sheet of paper on the desk before him.

"Let him come in in about five minutes, when I've signed these. You know," Lawrence went on, with another upward glance across his busy pen, "that they're sending me to England?"

"He'll need a secretary!" her heart said, with a spring skyward. Outwardly she gave no sign except an interested smile.

"Yes, they want a new manager there and they're going to let me try it. I was there for three years, and know the field pretty well. Old Frost is retiring. Of course, it's a much smaller office. Seven in all, I think, except for the bindery people."

"You're not going to—to stay, Mr. Pentrice?"

His absent, impersonal glance was on her again.

"Oh, yes. That's the idea, at least." He went on signing letters. "Do you know England?" he asked, working away busily.

"No. I—I've never been. No," Alison was shocked as by a physical blow at her heart. Her world was reeling. "When—when do you go?" she managed to ask, with a dry throat. "Oh, make it September, make it September!" she prayed wildly.

Please turn to Page 36

New way to treat NERVOUS DISORDERS

Special, rich supply of Vitamin B₁—
the anti-neuritic vitamin.

TEMPER



Unreasonable bursts of temper! This means "nervous" nerves. These are usually Nature's warning that you need a greater supply of Vitamin B₁—the anti-neuritic vitamin.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION



Tears over nothing! If you feel like this, it usually means over-wrought, tired nerves. It means that you aren't getting a proper supply of the vital nerve vitamin B₁.

VITAMIN B₁ FEEDS WHOLE NERVOUS SYSTEM.



Vitamin B₁ builds up nervous system. Vitamin B₁, the anti-neuritic vitamin feeds your entire nervous system, builds up those jugged nerves into nerves of steel.



Take 1/3 teaspoonful of Vegemite in a glass of milk two or three times daily.

Do you suffer from ragged, jumpy nerves? Do you get that weak, nervy, run down feeling?

Doctors have discovered that the main cause of most nervous disorders is lack of Vitamin B₁. Vitamin B₁ is the anti-neuritic vitamin. Give your system a regular and full supply of this vitamin, and your nervous troubles will soon disappear. Vegemite is specially concentrated to give an extra supply of the three vital vitamins, B₁, B₂ and PP, (the anti-pellagra factor). You see, Vegemite is a highly concentrated extract of Yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B₁, B₂ and PP, and Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast. It contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration.

Stir a third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk, drink it down and you'll be taking the best nerve tonic that money can buy.

Drink

VEGEMITE

MIXED WITH MILK EVERY DAY!



DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE?

- ✓ JUMPY NERVES
 - ✓ LACK OF APPETITE
 - ✓ DULL TIREDNESS
 - ✓ CONSTIPATION
 - ✓ BAD BREATH
 - ✓ INDIGESTION
 - ✓ LOSS OF WEIGHT
 - ✓ RESTLESSNESS
- These symptoms show lack of Vitamin B₁ in your system.

Make sure that your whole family gets their full quota of Vegemite every day. Vegemite is delicious spread on bread or biscuits, on toast for breakfast or supper, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups or stews.

IMPORTANT! Adults need one teaspoonful of Vegemite every day. Children ten years and over, one teaspoonful daily, and infants from six months up to the age of ten years, half a teaspoonful daily.

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—"We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
"That Shakespeare spake,"
Fine lines, well suited to the present day, and they were written by
Byron — Shelley — Marvell — Yeats — Wordsworth.
- 2—Strawberries are in season, and in case you don't know it, those little boxes in which they're sold are called
Spinners — plummets — punnets — primets — just simply little boxes.
- 3—The Prime Minister of Australia — ah, no, you can't expect such a gift. The FIRST Prime Minister of Australia was
John Forrest — Alfred Deakin — Andrew Fisher — Joseph Cook — Edmund Barton.
- 4—If you pride yourself at all on following current events, you should be able to say without a pause what outstanding events occurred this year on these dates.
May 10 — June 16.
- 5—Elastic, generally, is woven with
Kangaroo gut — gutta-percha — India-rubber — silkworm gut.
- 6—News came recently of the arrival in New York of Maurice Maeterlinck, celebrated Belgian
Writer — scientist — engineer — chemist — inventor.
- 7—Is your geography equal to picking from these the highest mountain in the British Isles?
Ben Lomond — Scafell — Snowdon — Ben Nevis — Helvellyn — Skiddaw.
- 8—Furs are all to the fore this chilly weather. Incidentally, did you know that coney fur comes from the
Skunk — seal — rabbit — Russian bear — elk.
- 9—Of course you know that a violin has four strings. Now go one better, and identify them as
E — F — A — B — C — D — G.
- 10—It was Lord Elgin who got permission to move the Elgin marbles to England. They were moved from
Rome — Crete — Athens — Egypt — Persia — India — Naples.

Answers on Page 38

Signs of a cold?

Then do this!

The usual warnings of a cold are sneezing and a tickling or soreness in the throat and base of nose. At the first sign of any of these symptoms rub the chest and throat well with a liberal supply of HEARNE'S GLO-RUB. Stir half a teaspoonful into a cup of boiling water and deeply inhale the vapour. It is best to do this at bedtime and then, while you sleep, GLO-RUB will stop that cold before it really begins. 2/- a jar at all Chemists.



GLO-RUB

"BREATHE IT IN AND THE COLD WON'T BEGIN!"

H. E. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GOSLINGS, VIC.



Mandrake the Magician



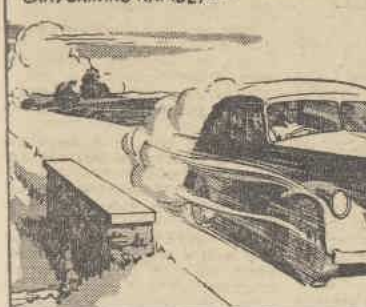
THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is at Cockaigne. He has found **PRINCESS NARDA:** Working in a store, and is endeavoring to effect her rescue when **AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES:** Arrives on the scene. He races through the building after Mandrake, being followed by

PRINCE SEGRID: Who is trying to force Narda, his sister, to marry Avery so that he may regain the throne renounced by their father.

There is an exciting chase through the store, but by means of hypnotic and ventriloquial aids Mandrake escapes with Narda, taking two wax models with him. Now read on:

THE DUKE AND SEGRID PURSUE MANDRAKE'S CAR, GAINING RAPIDLY---



MANDRAKE--
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH THE
DUMMIES?



THIS MAY WORK. DRIVER,
SLOW UP AT THE NEXT
TURN. THEN STEP ON IT!

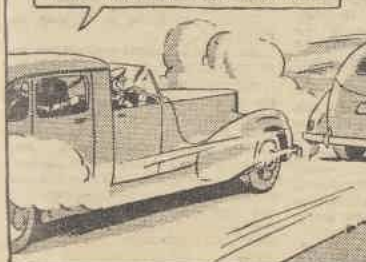
HERE WE GO!



THERE THEY GO--
AFTER THE DUMMIES!



THERE THEY ARE! MAKE THEM
STOP! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY NOW.



PULL OVER TO THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD!



WELL, NARDA--IT'S BEEN A LONG CHASE
--BUT THIS IS THE END! COME OUT
AND--



WHAT
THE--!



WHAT IS
THIS?

TWO DUMMIES IN THE CAR!
MANDRAKE AND NARDA
ARE GONE!



AND WE'VE
BEEN TRICKED
AGAIN!



I'LL HAVE EVERY INCH OF
THIS COUNTRY GONE OVER
WITH A FINE-TOOTHED
COMB. I'LL FIND THEM IF
IT'S THE LAST
THING I EVER DO!

WE'D BETTER
HURRY. THEY MAY
BE FOLLOWING US!



I DON'T THINK
SO, NARDA. DO
YOU REALIZE
WE'VE BEEN
TOGETHER ALMOST
A HALF-HOUR--

--AND I HAVEN'T
KISSED YOU YET?

IT WAS--AN
AWFUL HALF-
HOUR--WASN'T
IT?



A NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN COCKAIGNE...



WHAT A STORY!
DUKE OF HECTARES
--ROUTED BY TWO
SOLDIERS! CHASES
TWO DUMMIES IN
A CAR!

THAT'S PRETTY STRONG
STUFF, CHIEF. MAYBE
THE DUKE WON'T
LIKE IT.

CHIEF--A COUPLE
OF SOLDIERS COMING
IN! THEY
WOULDN'T
WAIT!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.
YOUR PAPER WILL CEASE
PUBLICATION FROM TODAY!



WHAT! HE CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME! WE'VE
ALWAYS HAD A FREE
PRESS IN THIS
COUNTRY--

BUT, DUKE--WE'VE
ALWAYS HAD A
FREE PRESS.
YOU'RE GOING
TOO FAR!



ALL YOU'VE GOT TO
THINK ABOUT, SEGRID,
IS FINDING MANDRAKE
AND NARDA.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THE REST.

I'M GOING TO ARRANGE
TO GET YOU OUT OF THE
COUNTRY, NARDA, BUT
MEANWHILE, YOU
WAIT HERE.

BUT, MANDRAKE,
THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR YOU EVERY-
WHERE. YOU
MUST STAY
HERE, TOO.



AT THE HOME OF
NARDA'S FATHER,
EX-KING KARL.

NO, NARDA, THIS IS
THE FIRST PLACE
THEY'D THINK OF
LOOKING FOR US.
I'VE GOT TO SHOW
MYSELF--AND
DRAW THEM AWAY
FROM HERE.



THIS ISN'T A VERY
ELEGANT WAY FOR
A PRINCESS TO
VISIT HER ROYAL
PAPA, BUT IT'LL
HAVE TO DO,
DARLING.



G-GOODBYE--BE
--BE CAREFUL--

REACHING THE BOULEVARD, MANDRAKE
ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE SPOTTED BY
ONE OF THE DUKE'S SPES.



TAXI!

TO BE CONTINUED

Beware of a Dark Woman

Continued from Page 34

"NEXT week. Yes, immediately. Thursday, I believe, is to be my last day here. A Mr. Ford, who has been with the 'Americana' people, is coming in to-morrow; he's had some experience at this sort of thing. I'll be with my mother in Boston for the week-end, come down Monday and catch my boat. There we are, Miss Burieligh!" The letters were all signed; in a daze she carried them back to her own desk, went to the hallway to admit the cartoonist. Busily folding letters, sealing and stamping envelopes, she was yet as one stunned. Everything was unreal, garish; life was bitter in her mouth. A very few days more, and that big figure in the dark brown tweed would be gone—

The thought came to her the next day. Why not tell him? It was an idea to fire her cheeks and make the blood run faster in her veins. Why not tell him? No matter what he did or said she would not be any worse situated than she was now. Even if he humiliated her with a kindly, an embarrassed protest, why should she care? He would know, anyway.

The plan seethed in her heart and mind. She would have this hour at least before romance slipped out of her life forever.

Kenfield Ford, his successor, came up to the office on Tuesday afternoon, and was duly introduced to Miss Burieligh. Mr. Ford was a chubby, sharp-eyed little man, tremendously complacent over the birth of a son that very morning.

"There are going to be a good many surprises around this office, Miss Burieligh," Mr. Ford announced with a significant smile that involved a sudden steeliness of jaw and a suspicious narrowing of eyes.

"I've never had a lady steno because, frankly, I don't think women and business mix. That's my opinion. The ladies ought to keep out of the offices. But I haven't any doubt that you'll accept any suggestions I make in the best possible spirit, and that we'll have things in shape in here in no time at all!"

"And when you come to my desk," thought Alison, "you can turn down an empty glass. I'll not be here. I'll have my talk with Lawrence to-morrow, and after he goes I'll resign."

And she banished the odious Ford from her thoughts with only one little pang of pity for the girl who would take her place, and have to endure him, and returned to her imaginary talk with Lawrence Ferriss.

Thursday came, and Alison was lovely in a new suit, and a delicate handkerchief frill, and knew that she looked her best, and yet her courage faded as the hours went by.

But if it were to be said it must be said to-day, for to-morrow he would be gone. And if to-morrow came to find her with this declaration still existing merely in her own mind, then she never would forgive herself!

Terrifyingly, the moment of parting rushed upon her. Things were dawdling along through mid-afternoon with their usual sleepiness at one minute. In the next he had pushed a desk drawer shut, picked up a small sheaf of papers and said, clearing his throat:

"Well, I don't think I'm doing any more good here. I've got to stop in to see my dentist for a moment,

and I've got some other things to do, so I believe I'll say thank you and good-bye."

Alison stood up, too, and walked slowly to the desk. Her red-brown eyes were very dark in the unusual pallor of her face. Hers was the magnolia skin that sometimes goes with coppery hair; the red line of her mouth was brilliant against it.

She began to talk, but to her horror without saying what she had planned to say, and indeed not knowing in the least what she was saying. She saw his look of surprise and reluctance and confusion, and yet seemed unable to stop.

"WE only live once, you see," she was saying, "and it's not fair to us to put us in circumstances where we aren't being truthful, we aren't brave. What if we do make mistakes—everyone makes mistakes, and the thing is to come to the end of your life at least glad that you weren't afraid—didn't let pride stand in your way—"

"He thinks I'm completely crazy!" she thought, as an under-current to her audible voice. "And maybe I am! But I'm saying it, anyway! You see," she went on aloud, "I've been working seven years—that's a lot, at twenty-seven, and I have a terrible feeling that things aren't going to happen to me. Real things. I've always felt that if I cared for a man he'd care for me—I never thought that just getting into a groove, into a rut of boarding-house and office hours, would cut

me off from what means life to me—"

He had taken her hands. His troubled voice interrupted her as she paused in a complete confusion of unsaid words.

"But of course it won't," he said quickly, forcing down an interruption that she in turn would have interposed. "Of course it won't. You'll travel; you'll have adventures and experiences. We all have dull stretches in our lives, you know, stretches when we just have to—well, to mark time. You mustn't get discouraged! And I'm glad that you're sorry I'm going away, my dear," he finished. She was quiet now, looking up at him with her bright topaz eyes. "But you'll come to England some day," he said, dropping her hands, "and how you'll love the trip! My wife and I love London. She always—" He had turned back to the desk; had picked up his papers; was putting them in a breast pocket without looking at her. "Well, that's everything, I think," he murmured, as if to himself. "A thousand thanks to you, and good-bye!"

She heard the office door close; he was gone. His tones hung in the air; she heard the voice in which she had answered him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Ferriss. Yes, I'll say good-bye to Miss Watson and Jimmy for you, if you don't happen to see them. Have a wonderful trip."

She had said all that, and perhaps other things; she could not be very sure. But she was sure that she had been self-possessed and that she had smiled in farewell. Now all these words were battering about in the terrible silence of his office like evil birds, flapping their wings, hurting her with their claws. What had she betrayed; what did he think of her; what did it matter? Oh, what did it all matter!

After a while the spring darkness began to descend upon the world below the windows, and the lights to snap on, one by one, in the long left office. The girls were going home. A charwoman peeped in.

"Excuse me, Miss; I didn't see you standin' there by the window."

"You're to let this office go until to-morrow night, please. We've a new man coming in here Monday, you know. Mr. Ferriss has gone."

"Well, that's quite a change." The old woman sighed in relief. One detail less in the long job to-night. She could the sooner be off to the heat and light and noise of Jim's house, and the chatter of the children's voices.

Alison turned back to the window without speaking, but the last word echoed oddly in her ears, and she

The answer is—

- 1—Wordsworth.
- 2—Punnett.
- 3—Edmund Barton.
- 4—May 10: The invasion of Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. June 10: Italy's entry into the war.
- 5—Gutta-percha.
- 6—Writer. (Author of "The Blue Bird.")
- 7—Ben Nevis.
- 8—Rabbit.
- 9—E. A. D. G.
- 10—Athens.

Questions on Page 34

smiled wearily. A change that had been the first promise of Oliver's tea-leaves. She owed him five dollars, sure enough! She looked down at the city that was pricked now with myriad lights; everyone was going home; the cheap hats and shoes and hair-sets were jostling against each other; the cheap newspapers were drifting down to the floors of subway cars.

"Life is cheap," she said aloud. "I feel cheap. I was trying to be cheap and he stopped me. There's nothing cheap about him. He spoke of his wife. How did I know he had a wife? We've worked together for months and he never told me that. He never told me anything. Perhaps he doesn't know that I have a stepmother who's going to have a baby. Perhaps I'll get out of this city, and go home to Dad, and play cribbage with him while Adele takes the baby up to bed. There must be something in being the perfect daughter. I've had just about enough of this!"

She put on her hat—the new hat that had given her so much courage only that morning. She picked up her gloves and bag, snapped off the office lights. One light was burning in the long left they called "the deck." Beyond that was the outer office, a wide reception-room, and the line of elevator doors. Alison realised with surprise that she was the last person to go; the charwoman had gone; everything was still.

On one of the elevators was a small card bearing the word "running." Only one of them was operated at night. Alison rang, and turned to face the circle of leather chairs in the reception-room. A veiled woman was sitting in one of them, her bare hands linked in her lap.

For a minute the girl's heart rose on a spasm of terror, for there was something distinctly sinister in the quiet, watchful figure. Then she laughed.

Please turn to Page 37

LUCKY FOR YOU
MUM, THE WHOLE
FAMILY LOVES KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES. BECAUSE
A SINGLE HELPING IS
A BREAKFAST
IN ITSELF!



ONE SINGLE
HELPING OF
KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES
PROVIDES
MORE ENERGY
VALUE THAN:



3 EGGS OR



5 SAUSAGES OR



3 HELPINGS
OF FISH

When you recover from your surprise that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes provides as much energy as two or three everyday breakfasts, make for your grocery list and write Kellogg's Corn Flakes on it. Corn is extra rich in energy value and Kellogg's put the very choicest white Australian corn into Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

ONE PLATEFUL
OF KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES PROVIDES
A BOY OF TEN
WITH ENOUGH
ENERGY TO
RIDE A BIKE
FOR 13 MILES.



The Case of HENRY H—



CASE: No. 33429 AGE: 29
NAME: Henry James H.
OCCUPATION: Bank Clerk.
SYMPTOMS: Headaches. Sleeplessness. No appetite. Complaints of frequent bilious attacks. Can't keep his mind on his job. Irritable. No energy.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Mental ability dulled by improper evacuation. Accumulated poisons in bloodstream undermining general health.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even delicate people. Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets, 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

YOUR CHEMIST ALSO RECOMMENDS NYAL PANAZE FOR INDIGESTION, 2/3

KELLOGG'S GIVE YOU BACK THE FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY IN QUALITY

"OLIVER, come out from behind the shrubbery!" she said.

The woman threw back her veil and showed a white face and a scallop of very black hair.

"May I speak to the editor?" she asked politely.

Alison's heart was resuming its normal beat. But even now there was something wrong in the atmosphere; she still felt very uneasy. She rang the elevator bell again. Service was always bad after hours; someone might have sent the boy to mail letters, or asked him to hold the car for some reason or other.

"Oh, you're too late," she said to the visitor, smiling cheerfully. "It's six o'clock. They're all gone. Can you come back to-morrow? Or maybe I could help you?"

"I'll wait," the woman said composedly.

"You'd have to wait until morning!" Is she crazy? She certainly doesn't look exactly sane, Alison thought. She glanced at the arrow above the elevator door; it was fixed at six, and this was ten. "Why doesn't he come?" she thought.

"If I'm to come back to-morrow, where would you advise me to stay the night?" the woman asked pleasantly.

"You're a stranger here?" Alison asked. They were in the elevator now, and everything seemed quite safe and simple again. In answer the woman laughed on a low, amused note.

"Nonsense, I was born right in this city!" she said impatiently. "Here, this is my taxi-boy waiting; I'd forgotten him!" she added, as they reached the dark early-evening quiet of the street.

"How far up do you go?" she asked Alison, getting in.

"Oh, Sixty-eighth—or any sub-way—" Alison said gratefully; a lift like this was always an unexpected luxury, and saved her just so much nervous effort at the end of the day. She glanced at the taximeter; it was not recording.

"I've taken him by the hour," said the dark woman, in answer to her look. Alison leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"Sixty-eighth and the Avenue, or Madison, or whichever way you go," she said. The man jerked his head a little in answer, without a glance or a sound. The car turned west; he was evidently going uptown by the Ramp. Alison didn't care which way he went; it was pleasant to be riding; he could take as long as he liked.

But when they were spinning up Riverside Drive, well past Seventy-second Street, she interrupted the rather stiff, desultory conversation she and her companion had been

maintaining, and spoke in quick correction.

"Oh, I'm sorry, he's going too far! Sixty-eighth Street, please, Sixty-eighth Street! We're beyond it now."

She had been conscious of definitely not liking the dark woman's voice and manner before this. There had been a certain cautiousness, a certain watchful wariness in her companion's speech that had been vaguely unpleasant. But the look that met her eyes now was definitely alarming, and Alison felt her heart leap and her throat thicken as she saw it. It was a look of cunning and triumph; it was the look of the trapper who need be in no hurry in his dealings with the trapped.

"Where are we going?" Alison asked, with a bright interested smile. But her knees were trembling and she felt her voice shake.

"You'll soon know, my dear. I told him where, Nobody's going to hurt you," the woman said. She had told Alison carelessly that her name was "Mrs. Smith."

NOW, in the rising sickness of panic, she wondered why she had been so simple as to entrust herself to this woman's escort, even for a mile or two in a taxi-cab, through the streets of a busy city filled with policemen and news-seekers and an interested public generally. She leaned forward suddenly and spoke to the driver.

"Put me down here anywhere, do you hear me? I'll take a bus, I'm way past my street now!"

He paid no attention; he continued to drive steadily northward along the river. Of all the hours in the twenty-four this was the one that found the streets emptiest; in this part of town policemen were fewer, the avenues were wider, there was none of the protection of the crowd. Alison remembered the simple expedient that had been suggested to her years earlier for use in just such an emergency, and opened a side door, letting it swing free. That was a device to catch any policeman's attention.

Instantly Mrs. Smith leaned across her, caught at it and slammed it shut, and the driver, not turning, but extending a right arm, locked it. Alison faced the other woman with a nervous laugh.

"What are you trying to do?" she demanded.

"Nothing," Mrs. Smith said, betraying a little breathless excitement now, and laughing in return. "Nothing that you haven't done to

me, you know. You're Miss Patterson, you think I don't know that, don't you? I knew you the minute you came out of that office. You're the one who told on me, said I didn't know I had feet and kept saying that my insides were all tissue paper! I've given this boy ten dollars, and told him to mind his own business. You thought I was crazy—well, my dear, it's you who are crazy! So I'm going to jump out of this cab in a few minutes, and he's going to take you where you belong. And then I'll finish Doctor Bowen. He can't get away with all this forever, you know. Oh, no! Oh, no, indeed!"

Alison sat back in her corner, watching her as she said all this in a pleasant, almost amused voice. "He and his wife go to the opera Thursday nights," her companion presently resumed, after repeating her last phrases on a chuckle. "I'm going to the opera, too. Look, I've my ticket. And I've got my headache pills, too," she said. "When you buy them you say you want them for a disinfectant. Biechleride, that's what you ask for. I said I'd scraped my heel and the doctor said to keep it soaked. They made me write my name down; I didn't care. Do you know Doctor Bowen? He loves the opera. They'll be in their box—well, I won't tell you that part," she added, her voice lapsing into inaudibility. "No, I'll not tell you that. You'll be all shut up, and I'll be free—"

Alison spoke to the driver. "Drive to that policeman there and stop, will you, please?"

He gave no sign of hearing; he drove straight on.

"I told him you'd want to get out!" Mrs. Smith said in childish satisfaction.

Continued from Page 36

Beware of a Dark Woman

"Don't you see," Alison said to the man urgently, "that this woman isn't responsible? Stop, I tell you. Stop anywhere!"

He spoke at last.

"If she's crazy I'm takin' her to the right place," he said gruffly. "It's the Spuyten Duyvil Memorial—ain't that where she belongs? You two can fight it out there for all me!"

"Oh, well, if that's where we're going," Alison said in relief, sitting back. There would be doctor and nurses and authorities there. Her head had been thrust out to be close to the man's as she talked to him; now, as she settled in her seat she saw suspicion in the other woman's eyes.

"What did you ask him?" she said sharply.

"Just where we were going."

"And you told him somewhere else?"

"No, I didn't. It's just where you said."

"For you, yes. But I'm going to get out here. I've got to see Doctor Bowen. He's the man that started the whole thing, and sent me—where you're going!"

"Well, you want to stay in the taxi until we get to Spuyten Duyvil, I'm sure," Alison was beginning peacefully, when the other woman grabbed her suddenly by the shoulders and began to shake her violently.

"You let me alone!" she shouted. "That's the way you talked before! You let me out of this cab!"

"You'll have to stop at a policeman!" Alison shouted in turn to the driver. "She'll—don't let her open that door! She's going to jump! Look where you're driving!"

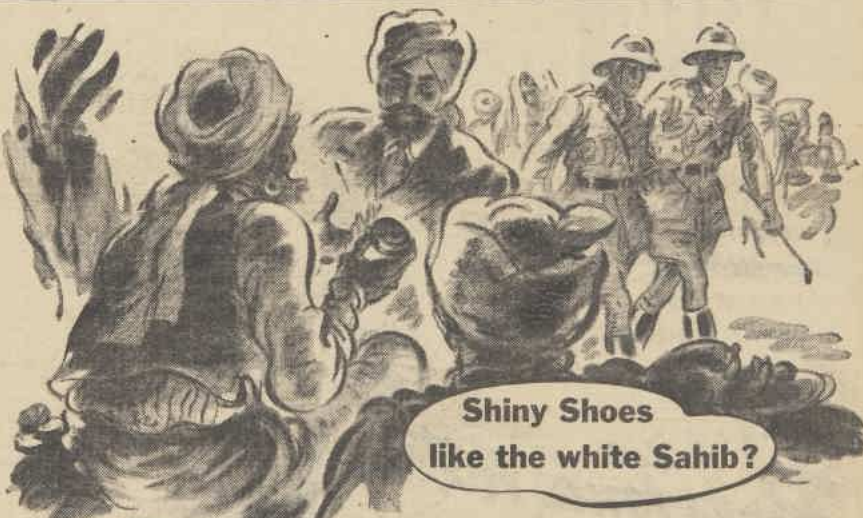
Please turn to Page 38

GOOD-BYE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, & GOUT



I have a simple but wonderful PRO-DUCT for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a drug or medicine, but a tropical plant, called **HELVIA**. A beverage is made of the fruit, which you prepare and drink like ordinary "tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the HELVIA IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit, and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of HELVIA each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid-poisons in the system.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES
Just send me your name and address, stating Mr. Mrs. or Miss, also "do" to stamps, for postage, etc., and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it has done for others after years of suffering it will do for you, if you will give it a fair trial. Address: Mr. J. C. CAMPBELL (Dept. 22), 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.



Shiny Shoes like the white Sahib?

BOMBAY . . . Gateway to India! British officers returning from England or Australia on leave, grew to be most enthusiastic about the brilliant, smart appearance of their boots and leather accessories after they had been polished with Kiwi. On every trip these men would bring back supplies of Kiwi for themselves—and often for their comrades as well. First one, then another, then a whole regiment imported private supplies of Kiwi until Army canteens realised a profitable trade was slipping through their fingers.

Gradually the demand for Kiwi grew, until finally the natives themselves (keen to follow in the steps of the Sahib) insisted on Kiwi shoe polish.

Today Kiwi is the most popular shoe polish in India . . . a feather in the cap of Australia in developing new markets in the face of world competition.

Kiwi Shoe Polish is 100% Australian owned and is almost as well known abroad as it is here. In fact Kiwi sells in no less than 93 different countries.

In every way Kiwi is a product that lives up to its reputation. It gives a longer lasting shine and preserves the leather.

Keep your shoes looking smarter. Use the polish that has been proved all over the world. Ask for Kiwi Black or Tan by name.



How experts get a "mirror finish" shine with **KIWI**—
Of course you know how to polish your shoes . . . but here's a way to get a "mirror finish" shine. First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the tips of Kiwi Polish in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

KIWI BLACK

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN FULL RANGE OF TANS AND STAIN POLISHES.



Enjoy Healthful



Keeps Teeth Healthy!

The daily use of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM provides much needed beneficial exercise for your teeth and gums, thus helping to maintain a normal, healthy condition and brightening your teeth in Nature's way. That is why doctors and dentists recommend it. Constant chewing exercise also strengthens the muscles of your face and helps you keep youthful count-

ours. It satisfies a craving for sweets and at the same time ensures a cool mouth and a pleasant breath. It is a wonderful soother of nerves. It aids digestion and improves your appetite. Children love it, too. A choice of three flavours: P.K. (tingly peppermint), Spearmint (real garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). All are delicious and refreshing—buy some to-day.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere

AU/19

Once she was
always "off-colour"



Now
Full of Life
and Fun

Constipation is one of the commonest of children's ailments. Often there's nothing else wrong and it's so easily remedied. Just give Calfig regularly. Gentle and sure in action and pleasant to take, it's made specially for children. Doctors and nurses recommend it.

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER
SOAP IN THE SAME
STREET AS PEARS...

TAKE MY TIP—
GIVE YOUR HUSBAND
PEARS...THE SOAP MEN
ALWAYS LIKE BEST...
AND ENJOY

Pears Tonic Action
FOR YOUR OWN COMPLEXION



The unique quality of Pears' soap is traditional. Men appreciate it as they appreciate a fine old wine... matured and mellowed to the point of perfection. Besides, Pears' tonic action is so refreshing for all... In a lifeless complexion, it swiftly awakens a radiant, youthful glow!

ECONOMICAL

There is no waste with Pears' soap. It stays firm all day in water to make thick lather. The water, mistreated, drains away into the drain, leaving a new cake and leaving part of it.



Pears
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

10-300-36

Country town dramatised

Rural radio's humorous session

The town of Cuckooburra will not be found on the map of Australia, but that does not prove anything.

Those who know describe Cuckooburra as a small imaginary Australian country town.

It has a population of about 973 people, two churches, seven stores, a local newspaper, a Chinese laundry, a railway station, a main street, three hotels, and a radio station.

It is the radio station which promises to put Cuckooburra on the map, for every Thursday night at 9 o'clock from 2GB "Radio Cuckooburra" will be on the air.

Listeners to this programme are asked to imagine that it is arranged each week by Uncle Joe Crooks, who will put into it the best and most popular features of "Radio Cuckooburra's" weekly programme.

He will introduce Ah Me, owner of the Chinese laundry, and Ambrose Cheer, who will present their sessions regularly.

Aunt Phoebe Fish, in



IDEAL for a business girl—a Rose Taylor suit of black tweed impeccably tailored on the new slim lines.

private life Mrs. Conway Fish, will discuss women's activities in Cuckooburra. Then there is the Cuckooburra Brass Band and Dance Orchestra, a group of players particularly gifted in music, who play wherever required, either at "Radio Cuckooburra" or at Bill Rafferty's Roadhouse, an institution which has not yet got the endorsement of the more conservative citizens of the town.

Uncle Joe will also present an episode each week of Conway Fish's serial, "Buffalo Smith Rides Again."

The people of "Radio Cuckooburra" are simple folk, unassuming and honest. Uncle Joe works all the week to get the people involved in his national relay to be as efficient as possible.

Amusing mishaps

THE fact that there are mishaps in the programme is of the deepest concern and disappointment to him.

Oscar Livingstone, with whom Uncle Joe works, is unable to cover up the mistakes he makes.

For instance, when he is supposed to plug in the line to Bill Rafferty's Roadhouse he frequently plugs in to the Town Hall instead, and to make matters worse proceeds to explain the situation to Uncle Joe on the spot, with the result that the whole thing goes over the air.

Maybe there are not many townships in Australia quite like Cuckooburra, but most people will recognise much that is true to life in these broadcasts.

There is philosophy, gossip, music and drama in "Radio Cuckooburra," and listeners will find there is always something happening.

Beware of a Dark Woman

Continued from Page 37

It was too late. The taxi swerved across on a red light, narrowly missed collision with an enormous truck, paralleled its course for a few dizzy feet, and brought up wedged between it and a tottering lamp-post. The taxi driver shrank in his place and sat still; the truck driver descended leisurely, and walked ponderously across to look at the other man. Both women had been terrified into silence now; in the pause Alison heard the lamp-globe break, cracking from its base, and fall uninterrupted to smash on the sidewalk below.

Then, ballooning towards them on waves of siren sound, came the law; expert bicycle riders these, who leaped from their machines and braked them with one flying, graceful movement. The pencils, the books were out; the big-featured, rubicund faces were grave in the garish light of the unshaded lamp just above their heads. What was going on here?

Alison, supposing herself to be the only person present who could by any possibility give a coherent explanation of affairs, began with quick dignity. But to her confusion she found that everyone else was talking, too; all three policemen, both drivers, the dark woman. Their voices jarred and clashed together in the cool, early dark of the street.

"Don't believe a word of it. She is a nurse—I know her very well—from the Spuyten Duyvil Memorial Infirmary. Officer, if I may speak to you a moment, please... Where were you hurrying to, Buddy? Color blind, are ye? He come right in on the red light on me. I give me wheel a jerk... I don't know who she is, officer; she says her name is Mrs. Smith... Patterson, that's her name, and now, if you'll let me go, I'm going to the opera. I've my ticket; I'll show you my ticket. They was fightin' and rollin' around in the car, sir, and I was afraid—I never seen the lights at all... Well, that's too bad; ye'll have to get in the habit of lookin' for thim lights, me boy... If you would let me speak to you, officer. My name is Burleigh—she was pulling at my hair; you see my hat. She's—queer, sir. I was trying to get her to the infirmary."

A hullo, Alison sat back panting, watching the uniformed men. They conferred together; then one of them jumped on the running-board of the taxi, and muttered brief instructions to the driver. The truck driver, finding his way uninjured, had driven away. The two other policemen melted into the thick dusk. Alison eagerly interrogated the officer who accompanied her companion and herself, but he contented himself with an absent-minded "Okay, lady," and appeared to have nothing to say.

A police station. That was the grim, smelly place into which they were being ushered, of course. Mrs. Smith, intimidated, clung close to her now; Alison, still panting, her hair dishevelled and her hat awry, made what she could of the strange story when she stood at the sergeant's desk. She did not know who the woman was. She thought her a patient from the Spuyten Duyvil

Infirmary, if there were such a place.

The sergeant wanted facts, he told her mildly, not ideas. That was all. Would she and Mrs. Smith just wait a few minutes in the adjoining room? The matron—

Very nice of him to call it a room, Alison thought. It was a large cell barred off an already barred corridor, with a cement floor, walls painted grey, a fearful smell of carbolic. For the rest it was comfortable enough; it was almost too warm; it had rockers, in two of which Alison and the matron sat; it had a couch upon which Mrs. Smith immediately lay down, falling at once into a light sleep. "I've taken four of my pills!" she said.

Time went on. After a while Alison asked why she was being held.

"Look here, you'll hurt my feelings if you don't like the way I entertain," the matron reproved her humorously.

It was after eight o'clock when there were men's voices at the door. Alison started up on a waking dream, thought herself still dreaming. It was Lawrence Fentris, big, adequate, gentle, who was coming into the room.

All this was on a Thursday in April. Afterwards, as far as the office knew, things went on pretty much as they were expected to go. Mr. Fentris, who had just lost his wife, by the way—not that anyone in the office had known he had one—went off to England, and Mr. Ford, chubby and fussy and interfering, was Miss Burleigh's boss. Miss Burleigh was rather quieter than she had been. She had long ago paid her debt to Oliver Patton in the matter of the tea-leaf predictions, but she had satisfied his eager curiosity as to her "fortune" with a mere superior "It's all nonsense, but some of it did, in a way, come true, so there's your money. And my affectionate advice to you is to stop that ridiculous fortune-telling once and for all!"

"Tell me one thing. I said someone was going to die. Who died?" the irrepressible Oliver had demanded at this point.

"Who died? Well, Mr. Fentris' wife, for one," Alison had reminded him. "That's why I wasn't here Friday and Saturday. I was with them."

"Oh, see, did you know her?" Oliver had demanded in surprise.

"Slightly. I—I met her just before she—the illness of which she died," Alison had responded, somewhat guardedly.

"And I told you there was a death—" he had mused complacently. "Some wix!"

"I wish you'd tell me," she had said suddenly, "where you got that stuff."

"What stuff?" he had countered aggressively.

"That teacup stuff."

"Well, you just said some of it came true!" he had said, hurt.

Please turn to Page 44

Cheerfulness comes from Strong Nerves and Restorative Sleep

THE great value of 'Ovaltine' for strengthening the nervous system and giving restorative sleep has been amply demonstrated by independent scientific tests. No food beverage can establish superiority over 'Ovaltine' in any respect whatever.

'Ovaltine' is a complete food, containing the essential vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts in correct proportions. Because of its supreme quality and concentrated goodness it is most economical in use. In times of nervous strain make 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by.

OVALTINE

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The Homemaker

August 10, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

EAT YOUR WAY TO BEAUTY!



● Experts on beauty and diet claim that various foods affect various parts of the body, and that attention to a few simple rules can result in definite gains in personal appearance.

From MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in
London.

LEFT: Fresh fruit and vegetables, such as those shown here, have a remarkably beautifying effect if eaten regularly every day.

RIGHT: The beauty that comes from sparkling health is the lucky possession of Brenda Joyce, Fox star. Like other film beauties, she is a firm believer in the value of the right foods for good looks.

BELOW: Fruit and vegetable juices are unexcelled for tonic results. This girl is drinking fresh carrot juice, which, incidentally, is sweet like fruit juice, for her complexion.



If there had not been a war, a big new food craze would have been sweeping Britain by now.

Why do I say that? Because it is sweeping America, which almost invariably exports its ideas to Britain.

The new movement is—Eat For Beauty. For years diet experts have been trying to induce women to remodel their diets in the interests of health.

But now they have told them to remodel their diets in the interests of beauty. The results have been phenomenal.

Bars selling vegetable juices—one of the chief recommendations of dietitians—have suddenly sprung up in cities all over America.

The sales of foods specified as "beautifying" have leaped. Electrical devices for extracting the juice from vegetables and fruit have had a boom.

The principle behind the new doctrine is that—Various foods affect various parts of the body, and attention to a few simple rules can result in definite gains in personal appearance.

Here, summarised, are some of the chief points that American women are now learning about foods and beauty.

All juices of vegetables and fruits are particularly beautifying.

Some of the best are the juices of cabbage, spinach, parsley, carrot, rhubarb, tomato and strawberry.

These juices should be extracted from the vegetables and fruits when they are raw.

Carrots, whether grated, cooked by steaming, not boiling, crushed for the juice, or chopped up with other vegetables, improve the complexion.

One of the best aids to the complexion is sulphur. Sulphur is found in onions, radishes, red cabbage, and asparagus.

Women who want glowing, rosy cheeks should eat watercress, prunes, and figs.

For a rich and healthy bloodstream, liver is of great importance.



There was a time when liver was regarded as of no value.

Butchers gave it away with the meat, and it was fed to the cat.

Now its true value is understood.

No beauty is attainable if the nerves are in a bad state and the face is haggard and careworn.

But there are many good nerve-foods.

The nerves are encased in fatty sheaths, much as an electric wire is covered with insulating material.

For nerve troubles

If this sheath is ill nourished it degenerates and many nerve troubles occur.

The foods which protect the nerve coverings are as follows:—

Yeast, unpolished rice, whole-wheat, nuts, kidneys, green leafy vegetables.

The nerves are also soothed by asparagus.

The hair is beautified by certain minerals which feed it.

They are found just under the skin in many fruits, which should therefore be eaten without being peeled.

They are also found in pineapple, cod-liver oil and fish.

Those who see their first grey hairs should concentrate on liver,

unpolished rice, bran, yeast and undercooked vegetables.

A healthy set of teeth, regular and without pyorrhea, is promoted by plenty of calcium.

You get it in cheese, milk, and oranges.

It is not generally realised, incidentally, that cheese, butter and eggs are all more nutritious in the summer.

They contain vitamins which come from the cow and the chicken.

But the cow and the chicken in turn get them from the green parts of plants.

And these plants make the vitamins with the aid of summer sun.

Further beauty—through food points are as follows:—

Honey, by soothing and nourishing the vocal cords and throat, makes the voice melodious and pleasing.

Pineapple is good for the intestines and endive for the liver.

Barley is good for the blood stream.

For general internal health, green vegetables and salads. They give the intestines the bulk they need.

Fats are necessary for contentment and tranquillity.

The reason is that fats are dispersed from the stomach more slowly than other foods.

If they are eliminated altogether

a gnawing feeling of hunger and discontent develops between meals.

Orange salads with lemon juice, raw cauliflower and carrots may all be concentrated on by those who want to be slim, but you cannot be beautiful entirely without fats.

The most recent opinions of the best food experts on what to eat

for beauty might be summarised in four simple rules:—

At least one pint of milk a day.

Three or four eggs a week.

One meal containing meat, fish or poultry a day.

Fresh fruits and vegetables and their juices.



HOW TO KISS

When you kiss a man, or he kisses you, if there's one thing that ruins your kisses, it's to smother him with lipstick. A man hates that tell-tale smear of lipstick on his mouth, his chin, his cheeks—or on his handkerchief!

Now, Pond's bring you a really indelible lipstick that stays on . . . if you kiss, eat, swim or smoke. Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It

has a satiny smooth yet firm texture. It is natural looking, constant in colour. And remember, Pond's Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. For lovely lips, night and day, use Pond's Indelible Lipstick. 6 smart shades. Only 2/- and 1/- at all stores and chemists.



98-12

FOR SONNY AND HIS SISTER . . .

A SMART suit for your two-year-old son and a dainty frock for your three-to-four-year-old daughter. These adorable designs are worked in cosy 4-ply wool in good-wearing colors.

TO knit the little girl's frock, you will need the following materials:

Seven ounces 4-ply fingering wool, henna; 2oz. 4-ply fingering wool, white; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 1 spare needle No. 9, and 1 crochet hook; 2 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23 inches; chest, 24 inches; length of sleeve seam, 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, tog. together, st. stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease, m moss-st., k 1, p 1, repeat to end; 2nd Row: P the sts. that were purled in the previous row and k the sts. that were knitted.

Tension: 7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 150 sts. (do not k into back of cast-on sts.), p 1 row. Then work as follows:—

1st Row (right side): K 28, m 30, k 34, m 30, k 28.

2nd Row: P 28, m 30, p 34, m 30, p 28. Repeat last 2 rows 7 times. Then make a hem as follows: With a spare No. 9 needle pick up 150 sts. along the cast-on edge, and with right side of work towards you, k tog. 1 st. from each needle, thus forming a hem. Repeat 2nd row once, then repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice.

1st Row of Decreasing: K 28, k 2 tog., m 26, k 2 tog., k 34, k 2 tog., m 26, k 2 tog., k 28.

2nd Row: P 28, m 26, p 34, m 26, p 28.

3rd Row: K 28, m 26, k 34, m 26, k 28.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row. Repeat last 2 rows once.

7th Row: K 28, k 2 tog., m 24, k 2 tog., k 34, k 2 tog., m 24, k 2 tog., k 28.

8th Row: P 28, m 26, p 34, m 26, p 28.

9th Row: K 28, m 26, k 34, m 26, k 28.

10th Row: Repeat 8th row. Continue in this manner, dec. 1 st. each side of the moss-st. band in every 6th row until one moss-st. remains in each band.

Next Row: P 28, m 1, p 34, m 1, p 28.

Next Row: K 28, m 1, k 34, m 1, k 28. Repeat last 2 rows until skirt measures 16 inches, finishing on the wrong side of work.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 25, k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 25, k 2 tog. Change to moss-st. and work even until yoke measures 2½ inches. Shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Work even for 10 rows; then divide sts. for neck as follows: Work 33 sts. (leave on spare needle), work to end of row. Working on remaining 33 sts. continue in moss-st. and when armhole measures 3½ inches shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. Then k 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 24 sts. remain. Work even and when armhole measures 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge of sts. left on spare needle and work other shoulder to correspond.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and henna wool, cast on 150 sts. and work exactly the same as for the front until the armhole decreasing has been completed. Then work in moss-st. until armholes measure 5 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and white wool cast on 50 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.), k 1 row. Then work in garter-st. for 14in. Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: K. 2nd Row: P. Repeat last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: P. 8th Row: K. 9th Row: K 1, * wool forward around needle 3 times, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

10th Row: K 1, * drop the wool around needle, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

11th Row: K. 12th Row: K. 13th Row: Repeat 9th row. 14th Row: Repeat 10th row.

Repeat 1st and 2nd row throughout, and inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until sleeve measures 4in. Shape top by k 2 tog. at each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off loosely.

COLLAR

Join shoulders. Using No. 9 needles with wrong side of work towards you, pick up and k 100 sts., p 1 row, then work as follows:

1st Row: K. 2nd Row: K 4, p to last 4 sts., k 4. Repeat last 2 rows 4 times.

11th Row: K 9, * k twice into next st., k 9, repeat from * to last 10 sts., k 10.

12th Row: Repeat 2nd row. Repeat 1st and 2nd row 6 times, then work from the 7th to the 12th row inclusive of sleeve pattern. Work in garter-st. for 2in. Cast off loosely. Make 2 tassels, one each of henna and white. Crochet 2 lengths of chain with white wool, attach a tassel to one end of each cord, and stitch the other end to neck edge under the collar. Make 2 crochet loops to act as buttonholes at front opening.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on 2 buttons to correspond with buttonhole loops. Work 2 rows of blanket-st. with henna wool on the collar and sleeves as shown in illustration.

Boy's Three-piece Suit

Materials: 4oz. 4-ply fingering wool, royal-blue; 2oz. 4-ply fingering wool, saxe-blue; 2oz. 4-ply fingering wool, white; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 1 button; 2 small buttons, 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Cardigan, length from top of shoulder, 11 inches; chest, 24 inches. Pullover: length from top of shoulder, 12 inches; chest, 24 inches; length of sleeve seam, 4 inches. Pants: length of side seam, 11 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, tog. together, st. stitch, inc. increase,

dec. decrease, st-st. stocking stitch. **Tension:** 6 sts. and 7 rows to 1 inch.

PULLOVER—FRONT

Using saxe-blue wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 70 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.) p 1 row. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 2 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and white wool and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row, with white wool, k. 2nd Row, with white wool, p. 3rd Row, with saxe-blue wool, k. 4th Row, with saxe-blue wool, p.

Repeat last 4 rows throughout, and when front measures 8 inches shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. at each end of next 2 rows. Then work even until armholes measure 2½ inches. Divide sts. for neck as follows: With right side of work towards you, work 22 sts. (leave on spare needle), work to end of row.

Working on remaining 32 sts., work even in pattern for 10 rows. Then shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at neck edge of next row. Continue in pattern and k 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row twice. Then work even until armhole measures 5½ inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge of sts. left on spare needle, work 10 rows in pattern, then k 2 tog. at neck edge of next 2 rows. Work even in pattern until armhole measures 5½ inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and saxe-blue wool, cast on 70 sts. and work exactly the same as for the front until the armhole shaping is completed. Then work even in pattern until armholes measure 5½ inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and saxe-blue wool cast on 41 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.) p 1 row. Then work in moss st. (k 1, p 1, ending with k 1, 2nd row, repeat 1st row) for 6 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and white wool and work in pattern as for front, inc. 1 st. each end of the 4th row, and every 2nd row following until sleeve measures 4 inches. Shape top by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. at each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off loosely.

GIRL'S FROCK in henna and white, and boy's suit in royal-blue, saxe-blue, and white. Knitting instructions for both garments on this page.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles and saxe-blue wool, cast on 80 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.) p 1 row. Then work in pattern as for front, but working a blue border as follows:

1st Row: With blue wool, k 4, with white wool, k 4, to last 4 sts. k 4 blue.

2nd Row: With blue wool, k 4, with white wool, p to last 4 sts. k 4 blue.

3rd Row: With blue wool, k. 4th Row: With blue wool, k 4, p to last 4 sts. k 4.

Repeat last 4 rows, and inc. 1 st. in every 5th st. in the 7th and 15th row as follows:

7th Row: K 5, k twice into next st., * k 4, k twice into next st. Repeat from * to last 4 sts., k 4 blue. Work 15th row in same manner.

When collar measures 5 inches, work 10 rows garter-st. in saxe-blue wool. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Stitch collar to neck edge, commence at centre and sew on right side back of neck and finish at the neck opening. Fasten the edge of collar at centre with a press stud. Make 2 loops and sew the 2 small buttons at neck opening. Work 1 row of double crochet along neck opening.

CARDIGAN—BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 70 sts. with royal-blue wool (k into back of cast-on sts.), p 1 row. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 2in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side): * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row. 2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows throughout. When back measures 7in. shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Then work even in pattern until armholes measure 5½ inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and royal-blue wool cast on 40 sts. (k into back of cast-on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing for 2in. Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:—

1st Row (right side): * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 6 sts. (k 1, p 1) three times.

Continued on Page 42



By World's No. 1 Hair Stylist

Inspired by meditation among ancient Grecian statues in the Paris Art Galleries, the great Antoine created this dignified coiffure for fashionable women of Europe who asked him for a new mode . . . Now, Mlle. Ross, leading protégée of this world-famous stylist, brings to us "Antoine's Dream." So the classic beauty of immortal goddesses now becomes 1940 chic for lovely Australian women.

Ross



Ross of Christie Salon.

"The hair is swathed smoothly across the back and framed by sculptured curls," explains Mlle. Ross. "It is the essence of grace and distinction. Of course, for all such elaborate styles the hair must first be made soft, pliable and wave-holding, with Velmol. Indeed, regular 'damp-setting' with Velmol is the real secret of such lovely and lasting coiffures!"

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Leading hair stylists everywhere agree that Velmol "damp-setting" is the modern, easy method of managing modern, difficult coiffures! . . . Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. So simple and takes but four minutes! Velmol sets waves and holds them—soft, glossy. Velmol makes your expert salon set last longer; enables you to

fix disarranged "hair-do" back into place after sport, slumber . . . or to "damp-set" your own hair after shampooing.

Saves on time, temper and money! Whatever your hair-style, elaborate or simple, keep it smartly "damp-set" with Velmol. Get a 2/- bottle today, from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. . . Ask for VELMOL.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)



A TEMPTING ARRAY—Tea loaves and iced buns, currant bunnies, Southport buns and raspberry buns. Easy to make and delicious eaten hot or cold with rolls of butter and, if liked, some jam.

ALL SORTS OF TEA BUNS

BUN mixtures should be lightly and quickly handled, or they become tough.

Sift flour before measuring. When a cupful is required, fill the cup from a spoon. If cup is pressed into the flour, too much is measured.

Add liquid nearly all at once and mix to a soft dough. If dough is too moist it spreads in cooking. Cook on shallow buttered trays in hot oven. Bun mixtures are usually plain so a hot oven is required to make them rise quickly.

If buns are to be served hot, break them to butter—never cut with a knife.

RASPBERRY BUNS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 gill milk, raspberry or apricot jam.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter lightly, add sugar free from lumps. Beat eggs well, add to them the milk, then pour into dry ingredients, keeping a little back for glazing. Mix into a firm dough. Turn on to a floured board, divide into 12 or 16 equal parts. Knead each one lightly round. Make a hollow in the centre and put in a little jam. Glaze round the edge, pinch together, enclosing jam. Brush a little egg mixture over the top. Bake on a greased oven sheet in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes.

SOUTHPORT BUNS

One pound flour, 1 small breakfast cup milk, 1oz. butter, 1lb. sultanas, 1 large tablespoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon essence lemon.

Mix all dry ingredients together. Melt butter, add to tepid milk. Beat eggs, add to milk and essence, stir into dry ingredients with a spoon; mix well. Make into buns one inch

● Rolls and rock cakes, too . . . Easy to make, economical and suitable for teas, suppers and box lunches. And children like them for between-meal snacks.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly.

thick with floured hands. Put on a greased baking-dish, brush over with a little egg, sprinkle with sugar and decorate with a curl of lemon peel. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Serve with rolls of butter.

CURRENT BUNNIES

Half pound self-raising flour, good pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ gills milk, 2oz. currants (or sultanas if preferred), good pinch grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, candied peel.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add nutmeg, sugar and currants (keeping a few for the eyes). Pour milk into these ingredients and mix to a dough, firm enough to shape into bunnies, shape with hand and insert 2 currants for eyes and a strip of peel for mouth, glaze with milk and cook in a hot oven to set the shape and prevent buns spreading. Cook for about 15 minutes.

TEA LOAVES AND ICED BUNS

Half pound flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 large gill milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in butter lightly, sprinkle in the sugar. Add milk to beaten egg and pour into dry ingredients (keeping a little back for glazing). Mix into a dry dough, turn on to a slightly

floured board, smooth over, cut into 8 equal pieces. Make into fancy loaves or twists. The mixture may also be rolled out and cut into squares, marked deeply with a knife and packed closely together on the baking tray.

Glaze loaves and squares with egg and milk. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. When cold, ice the squares with warm icing, forming a cross on each.

JUBILEE ROCK CAKES

Three-quarters cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon each of carb. soda, salt, and ground cloves, 1 cup each of chopped dates, walnuts, and raisins, 1-3rd cup butter, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 large egg.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt, and spices. Mix nuts and fruits together; cream butter, gradually add sugar, then beaten egg, nuts, and fruits. Stir in flour mixture, break off rough pieces, using 2 forks, and place on a buttered tray and cook in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) about 12 minutes. Makes about 30 cakes.

COFFEE ROLLS

Three ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, scant half-pint milk, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1lb. flour.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten egg, then milk and coffee essence, mixed together. Lastly, fold in sifted flour, cream of tartar, and carb. soda. Turn on to a lightly floured board, knead slightly, roll out to half an inch thickness. Stamp out with round cutter (about three inches in diameter), glaze and fold over, glaze again, and bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 10-12 minutes. Mixture should be fairly stiff to keep shape in baking.



CUT DOWN YOUR
*Housekeeping
Expenses*

BY SERVING

**KRAFT
CHEDDAR CHEESE**

1 CHEAPER THAN MEAT

Pound for pound, Kraft Cheddar contains twice as much nourishment as meat. That's why you should vary your menu. —Kraft Cheddar provides calcium and phosphorus, those with minerals which build strong bones and sound teeth. And Kraft Cheddar gives you Vitamin A—the vitamin which helps to build up resistance against infection. No wonderful Every rich, mellow flavour. And—Never salt and squashy. Kraft Cheddar stays delicious right to the last mouthful. The secret is that special Kraft foil wrapper.

2 FOUR PRIZE-WINNING CHEESES IN ONE

Year after year, Kraft cheeses win championships and prizes at Australia's greatest Agricultural and Dairy Shows. When you buy Kraft Cheddar you get four prize-winning cheeses in one. The fine quality of Kraft Cheddar. It's the best—and consistently best cheddar you can buy.

KRAFT CHEDDAR IS EXTRA RICH IN THESE VITAL ELEMENTS

Extra Calcium—Milk contains calcium, but Kraft Cheddar provides extra calcium—which builds strong bones, sound teeth.

Extra Phosphorus—Green vegetables provide phosphorus—but Kraft Cheddar is rich in this vital mineral you need, for strong bones.

Extra Vitamin A—Butter contains Vitamin A. Kraft Cheddar gives you an extra supply to build up resistance to disease.

Extra Protein—Meat provides protein, but Kraft Cheddar gives you twice as much nourishment as meat. Eat plenty of Kraft Cheddar.

3 EXTRA NOURISHING This chart shows you how much extra nourishment you get from a pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. So economise the right way. Serve Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Ask for **KRAFT
CHEDDAR CHEESE**

More delicious flavour

Creamier, smoother for cooking

Packed with vital nourishment

Foil wrapped, stays fresher longer

It takes a full gallon of creamy milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese

This Lady discovers
SPAGHETTI



From a friend she learned its delightful menu possibilities . . . Spaghetti as a quick, tasty breakfast, an ideal midday lunch, or an excellent standby for the unexpected guest—and of course she chooses Rosella. Rosella Cooked Spaghetti, so deliciously flavored with tasty cheese and Rosella Tomato Sauce. Ready to enjoy—simply heat and serve. Also . . . Pork and Beans, Macaroni with Cheese, Sweet Corn, Sausages and Vegetables.

Rosella

Teach your children

How to GARDEN...

AMONG the best of childhood's memories are those of hours spent in the garden playing favorite games and, at the same time, learning how things grow.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

WHILE grown-ups take possession of the bulk of the garden for the propagation of colorful flowers and tasty fruits and vegetables, children are often forgotten, and no space is allowed for their participation in the garden scheme.

Grown-ups usually view the garden from the utilitarian or decorative angle, instead of from the purely romantic, and in time it becomes spoiled from the children's viewpoint.

Children have no love for wide, fenced lawns protected by wire-netting and sacred to tennis; or for flower beds on which they are

forbidden to trespass, or for young trees which they are forbidden to climb.

But here and there in my week-end ramblings I come across a garden that children can still enjoy; it is invariably called an "Old World" garden, and that is just exactly what it is.

Children live in a world of their own, and the garden in which they spend so many happy hours should be one which they can people with bunnies and giants, fairies, and goblins.

Although I cannot see all the results of many lessons given to small boys and girls in my garden, I know that they are not forgotten.

I have shown them how to pot plants; how to prune; why trees and shrubs should be pruned and

sprayed; why seeds should be sown in spring and not in winter, and why seedlings die if some careless foot is placed in the middle of them.

There are many lessons which children can be taught in the garden, lessons which they can easily understand and which will be useful to them when they grow older and have gardens of their own.

THE FAMOUS DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are fascinated these days by growing things. Here, Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, and Cecile have a lesson in bulb-growing in pots.



den, lessons which they can easily understand and which will be useful to them when they grow older and have gardens of their own.

Potting is one of them. Children can be taught why certain flowers grow better in pots indoors than they do in the beds outside.

They can be taught why drainage is placed at the bottom of a pot, and why a piece of broken pot is placed over the hole at the bottom of a pot.

They can be taught to build up the fertility of soil, and shown the reason why most potting soils need to be much richer than bed soils.

These little lessons, if absorbed when the children are young, are rarely forgotten.

Children should be taken out into the bush and taught the names, habits and peculiarities of most of our wildings.

Bushes and vines that bear poisonous berries, or others that cause skin troubles when touched, can be indicated, and specimens placed in botany books for identification.

Teach your children to respect and value the rare plants, and to avoid picking them.

In the garden point out noxious and other weeds, and tell their names and characteristics.

When sowing show the children the seed, and, if possible, pictures in color of the various flowers.

When the seedlings peep through you can show the youngsters the difference between the dicotyledonous and monocotyledonous (two and one leaved) plants.

While I know that you cannot pot old heads on young shoulders, at least you can teach the young to be a trifle more careful with the plants you value.

Small boys and girls, unless very wild and unruly (and probably the progeny of problem parents) rarely fail to respond to such treatment.

If given a special corner or area, encouraged to keep it clean, tidy, and neat, and provided with tools and plants, they will soon show their appreciation.

If they want to romp as well, let them have their fling (provided they do not cause serious damage). Give them a big corner and an old case or two for conversion into treasure ships or houses.

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CLEAR DEEP SHADES FOR SUITS

Think how deliciously cool and crisp for the Summer; how practical, too — if it is crease-resisting MOYGASHEL SPRINGBAK. This exciting collection of Linens swings into fashion for Suits, Dresses, and Tailored Jackets. MOYGASHEL stands up to meticulous tailoring; to practical wear and packing. MOYGASHEL won't fade, stretch or shrink. For your Summer dresses insist on MOYGASHEL SPRINGBAK LINENS.

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For Sonny and His Sister

Continued from Page 40

REPEAT last 2 rows. When right front measures 7in. shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Work even in pattern until armhole measures 3in. Shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at neck edge of next row. Then k 2 tog. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 24 sts. remain. Work even in pattern and when armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 40 sts. and work to correspond with right front, working border at opposite end of rows.

NECKBAND

Join shoulders. Using No. 11 needles and with right side of work towards you, pick up 80 sts. around neck and work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 6 rows. Cast off loosely.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 11 needles pick up the sts. around armholes and work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 6 rows. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Make a loop at neck edge and sew on button to correspond.

PANTS

Using No. 11 needles and royal-blue wool, cast on 80 sts. 1k into back on cast-on sts., p 1 row. Work 4 rows k 2, p 2 ribbing, then make buttonholes as follows:

5th Row: Rib 25, cast off 2 sts. rib 26, cast off 3 sts. rib to end of row.

6th Row: Rib 25, cast on 2 sts. rib 26, cast on 2 sts. rib to end of row. Work 4 rows ribbing. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K. Repeat last 2 rows throughout. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 6th row and every 6th row following 8 times. Work 4 rows even, shape for gusset:

1st Row: Work 48 sts., k twice into next 2 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to end of row.

3rd Row: Work 48 sts., k twice into next st., k 2, k twice into next st. Work to end of row.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row. 5th Row: Cast off 42 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

6th Row: Cast off 42 sts., work in pattern to end of row. Work 19 rows even in pattern.

17th Row: Cast on 42 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

18th Row: Cast on 42 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

19th Row: Work 48 sts. in pattern, k 2 tog., work 2, k 2 tog., work in pattern to end of row.

20th Row: Work 48 sts. in pattern, k 2 tog., twice, work in pattern to end of row. Work 4 rows even in pattern, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next row, and every 6th row following 8 times. Work 2 rows. Shape back as follows:

Next Row: Work in pattern to last 10 sts., turn, work in pattern to last 10 sts. at opposite end of row. Turn, work in pattern to within 20 sts. of end of row, turn, work to within 20 sts. of opposite end of row, turn, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work in pattern across all sts. to end of row. Work 4 rows in pattern. Change to No. 11 needles and work ribbing and buttonholes to correspond with front.

TO MAKE UP

Using No. 11 needles, pick up 92 sts. around each leg and work in ribbing of k 2, p 2, for 2 inches. Cast off loosely. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams.

RECIPES YOU MUST REALLY TRY

If you are keen on cooking—and most housewives are these days—then you must have some recipe which is a favorite with the family or with your friends.

If so, enter it in our weekly Best Recipe Competition, and you may win a cash prize for it.

All you have to do to compete is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT-SALAD LAYER SPONGE

Cake Foundation: 6oz. butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar well. Mix cocoa in milk, and add. Add well-beaten eggs, then flour, with cinnamon. Mix very well. It is very light. Divide in halves. To one portion add 2 tablespoons walnuts; to the other 1 cup dates. Bake in sandwich tins in moderate oven on the cool side, as chocolate cake burns quickly.

Make a Soft Butter Icing: 2 cups icing sugar, 1 large tablespoon melted butter.

Beat till thick and creamy; add a few drops of vanilla. Spread thickly over one piece of sponge. Then dot over icing a few cut cherries, pieces of banana and crystallised pineapple. Put other sponge on top. Ice sides with remainder of icing. Cover top with thick, whipped cream, and dot with pieces of fruit.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Bowen, 8 Reynolds Pde., Pascoe Vale Stn. W7, Vic.

TOMATO AND RICE SAVORY

One tin tomato soup, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 large onion cut up and fried with a tablespoon of bacon.

Place all in a pie-dish, add half cup water, stir all well together, then sprinkle cheese over the top and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. James, 25 John St., Teripe, N.S.W.

APPLE SNOWBALLS

Two teaspoons rice, apples, sugar, cinnamon.

Boil rice in milk until three parts done, then strain. Peel and core apples, put a little sugar and cinnamon in each apple. Cover with a good thickness of rice, and tie each ball separately in a cloth. Boil until the apples are tender, about 1 hour. Remove from cloth and serve with custard or thin cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Ulbrich, Burnie, Tas.

FIVE PACT MARMALADE

One grapefruit, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 2 apples, 1 small pineapple.

Peel and core apples and pineapple, and dice; cut up rest of fruit finely. To each cup of fruit allow one cup of water and same amount of sugar. Boil fruit and water for about 1 hour or until rind is tender, then add sugar and boil briskly till it jells, about 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. J. Wright, Moorlands, Ashford, N.S.W.

Miss Precious Minutes

If your windows are rather small and narrow, here is an easy way to give them breadth and importance.

Along the top of your window frame fix a pelmet. This should be not to extend about six inches beyond the frame on either side.

Now fix your curtain rod under the pelmet so that it is completely hidden. Hang your curtains in the usual way.

Your window will look about twelve inches wider than it really is and you will be able to draw your curtains right back to the edge of the frame. This will naturally give you more light because the curtains do not cover any of the glass.

PASTRY for custard tarts is sometimes cooked first to prevent it becoming sodden. The best plan, however, is to make it a little stiffer than for ordinary cooking.

● All prizewinners in our weekly best recipe competition. This fascinating contest is open to everybody. All you have to do is write out a recipe and send it to us. You may win a cash prize for it and have it published on this page. So look up that pet recipe of yours now.

BAM CUTLETS WITH PUFFED EGGS

Three large slices ham, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 3 eggs, salt and pepper.

Boil slices of ham in water for 10 minutes, then drain. Dip ham in beaten egg and breadcrumbs and fry it in a greased pan until a golden color. Now beat egg-whites very stiffly and add salt and pepper to taste, and place a little in each of three saucers. Slip an egg-yolk into the centre of each and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. When firm, remove from dishes and serve on the ham cutlets.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. D. McIvor, 17 Reynell St., Kilkenny, Adelaide.

ROAST LAMB FOR SIXPENCE

Bone 1lb. breast of lamb and make a seasoning with 3oz. breadcrumbs, 1oz. suet, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper and grated lemon rind.

Bind with a little milk, and spread seasoning down the middle of the meat and make into a roll. Tie securely, cover outside with any odd pieces of fat and bake in moderate oven with a piece of greaseproof paper over the top. Remove paper 10 minutes before serving. Serve with mint sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pl. Rd., Huntley's Pl., N.S.W.

CUSTARD BISCUITS

Cream 2 tablespoons sugar and 2 tablespoons butter together, add 1 egg well beaten, then add 8 tablespoons self-raising flour sifted with 3 tablespoons custard powder, and vanilla. Roll out thin and bake in moderate oven until brown. When cold, join together with jam or cream, and ice top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Davis, 8 Thomas St., Junee, N.S.W.

PRESERVED CUMQUATS

Prick fruit with a darning needle and boil gently in plenty of water till quite tender. Strain water off and add syrup made of 1lb. sugar and 1 cup water to every lb. of fruit used, and boil for 20 minutes. Boil fruit in syrup for 10 minutes. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Mortimer, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

ECONOMICAL DATE CAKES

One tablespoon butter, scant 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 large cup self-raising flour, 4oz. dates, 1 tablespoon coconut, essence.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg and beat well, then add coconut and dates cut up into small pieces, also essence; lastly, add flour and milk alternately till all is used up. Bake in petty-pans in moderate oven. When cold, ice. These keep fresh for a week.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Neil Hegglan, Hindmarsh Is., via Goolwa, S.A.



MOST WOMEN love to cook, and Binnie Barnes, Fox star above, is no exception. If you, too, find cooking lots of fun, then send us some of your favorite recipes.

"Easy with the Steamed Pudding, Mum!"

I HAVE A TOURNAMENT THIS AFTERNOON!"



No heavy feeling after pudding made with COPHA

When you use Copha you'll have puddings light as sponge, perfectly digestible—without a trace of the heavy greasy flavour that causes upsets. You'll like the rapid way Copha creams up, too—the ease with which it mixes in. And there's nothing in Copha to mask the goodness of all your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1-lb. packet—it will keep fresh till you need it.

Copha, the pure all-vegetable shortening for more digestible dishes

Here's Mrs. Hobson's Recipe for COCONUT SPONGE PUDDING

2 oss. Castor Sugar 2 Eggs
2 oss. COPHA 2 oss. Ground Rice
2 tablespoons Milk Pinch of Salt
2 oss. Plain Flour
1 teaspoon of Baking Powder
oz. of Desiccated Coconut

Cream the sugar and Copha. Add eggs, slightly whisked and milk. Mix in other ingredients, stirring thoroughly. Boil for one hour, or turn into greased pie-dish and bake in medium oven about 45 minutes. Turn out. Pour lemon cheese sauce (see recipe below) on top and sprinkle with desiccated coconut.

Lemon Cheese Sauce

1 oss. Sugar 2 oss. COPHA 1 pint of Water
Grated Rind of 1 Lemon Juice of 2 Lemons 2 Egg Yolks

Melt the Copha, add remainder of ingredients (well whisked) and boil for 1 minute, stirring well all the time. Stir occasionally while cooling.

COPHA MAKES PUDDINGS LIGHTER—EASY TO DIGEST

C.4.17.N.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
 2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
 3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
 4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
 5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.
- 15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Faser & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of
Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pints of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

It's easy to upset Leonians. And having done so, look out for trouble. They can be cruel and heartless.

ALTHOUGH the symbol of a Leonian is a roaring lion, this does not mean that they must necessarily shout their way through life.

But it does show that they like to dominate any situation in which they find themselves, and that if they are upset in any way they can roar very effectively.

Incidentally, the best ways of upsetting Leonians—people born between July 23 and August 24—are to show lack of intelligence, hardness of heart, coldness, slowness and a disregard of their privileges and pride.

Their self-esteem is high, and on it is based most of their happiness, satisfaction and success in life. Humiliation they can seldom, if ever, forgive, and to doubt their honorable intentions is to court trouble.

Enraged Leonians demand retribution, and can be hard of heart and even cruel in gaining it.

They are ardent in showing their affections, but cannot bear rebuffs. They extend friendliness to their associates, and are horrified if they seem unresponsive or abrupt.

They have a special leaning

towards children, for the mother element is strongly developed in their make-up. Like the lion or lioness they will fight to the death to protect their offspring from harm.

They delight in guiding their destinies and teaching them how to behave, but there is a "catch" in this domestic loyalty! They are apt to demand that the children look upon them as something sacred and restrain their own impulses and affections in favor of their parents.

Independence

ANY outstanding independence from them unconsciously brings down parental wrath and eventually they will submit grudgingly, and may turn into failures and lose all personal happiness in life.

If they are strong, and can stand up to the demands made on them, they are likely to grow desperate and come to a parting of the ways.

If only Leo parents, especially mothers, would realize that their autocracy can be unfair to their children, and eventually smash up the home life, they will try to cultivate the arts of patience, tolerance and unselfishness.

Another "catch" in this great love and loyalty of Leonians is its effect upon the wife or husband. Some times the Leo-born parent shows such marked preference for the children that the partner is left out in the cold. This is dangerous and may create dimly, even separation, between them.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Don't waste a moment of August 11 (evening hours only), 12 and 13. These days produce planetary radiations which can help you to achieve some of your ambitions. Work hard and wisely.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Let your conscience be your guide this week. On-wary Taurians can get themselves into plenty of trouble now. Be especially patient, wise and cautious on August 10, 11, 16 and 17. Protect your affections and spend against losses and partings.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Fair on August 16 and 17, but poor on August 12 and 13.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Just a week of days for most Cancerians.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Spend up your optimism and self-confidence at this time, and go after the happiness or success you have long been planning. Don't waste a moment of August 11 (night), 12, and 13.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plan ahead. Meanwhile, concentrate on routine.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair for semi-important matters or starting out after opportunities on August 18 and 19.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Difficulties, worries and upsets are sure to predominate for you at this time, particularly if you are, or have recently been, unwise, incautious or over-confident. Try to let routine work itself. Be wise and patient on August 18, 19, 16 and 17.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Sagacious Sagittarians can realize some of their hopes and ambitions at this time, or through action now. The merry radiations favor them, especially on August 11 (evening), 12 and 13. On October 10 no effort to advance should be spared.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Unpredictable. Plan for the future.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Trouble is on the trail of foolish or aggressive Aquarians at this time. Caution is therefore advised in all matters. Try to avoid arguments, delays, difficulties and general worries and upsets on August 10, 11, 16 and 17.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Although the stars won't help most Pisceans overmuch at this time, every effort must



YOUTHFUL STYLE featuring pleated skirt and a tailored jacket-cum-sweat top. The crisp whiteness of the blouse is repeated in the pipings.

be made to speed up the beginning or completion of matters which cannot wait over for several weeks. August 14 and 15 best, but very weak.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Beware of a Dark Woman

Continued from Page 38

"BUT that was mere coincidence. You only said—now, admit honestly that you only said the perfectly obvious things—a dark woman, and a journey, and a death, and a romance! That was all it was, wasn't it?"

"Well, sure, what else?" he had admitted, grinning and unabashed. And with his thoughts suddenly diverted he added, "Speaking of death, what do you know about Pentrice being married? I saw her death in the paper this morning. The girls said they didn't know it. Miss Watson didn't know it. Say listen, the old man was telephoning someone to-day, and from something he said I was wondering—listen, was she cuckoo?"

"Mrs. Pentrice? She'd been terribly ill. She'd had a fall from a horse in England about fifteen months ago, and she'd been—well, not right, ever since."

"You knew he was married, then?" Alison had considered this, had answered with a faint nod.

"And who told you all this about him, huh?"

"He did."

"Pentrice?"

"Yes."

"When'd you see him?"

"I was at the hospital, yesterday." The touch of the clinging hands had still seemed upon her. Isabel Pentrice had not recognised her husband in the dreamy stupor the little pills had brought her, but she had wanted Alison. Hour after hour after hour, with Lawrence pacing to and fro in the big adjoining hospital room, Alison had sat at the bedside, holding the cool slim hand.

"You stay with me, and keep the others out," Isabel had said, going up to the surgery contentedly enough. But the pills had done their work too well; that had been the end.

That was all months in the past

now, and Oliver Patton, for one, had all but forgotten the little he knew about the Pentrices. What he did note, and with growing interest and curiosity and finally comprehension, was that Miss Burleigh received letters continually from Lawrence Pentrice in England. Oliver, one of whose duties was the morning distribution of the mail, saw her apricot color rush up when they were delivered; at first one a week, then two, then batches of them on every steamer. Oliver had not been born yesterday and he knew what all this meant, and watched resignedly for the inevitable.

One burning July night, finding himself again with her in the elevator at the end of the office day, he asked her if she would like to ride out to the end of the line on a bus-top, and have iced tea and tomato salad somewhere. To his surprise and gratification Alison said yes, she would be delighted to go.

So they went far out on the river drive, and had tea and rye bread and tomato salad out in the open air under an awning.

"Oliver, dear," said Alison then, "are you going to miss me?"

"You're going?" he asked, with a long look.

"Leaving Monday. Sailing," Alison added, with a dreamy smile inspired by a thousand ecstatic thoughts, one of them for the tickets that were already, with her passport, safe in her purse.

"For England? I knew it," he said. "You're goin' to marry him, aren't you?"

Alison pushed towards him her empty tea glass. A few infinitesimal leaves clung to its sides.

"I'm asking you!" she said joyously.

(Copyright)

Such dirty hands
I've never seen!



But
SOLVOL
quickly gets
them clean!

Mothers! If you are forever washing grubby little hands and knees, use Solvol! Its penetrating lather quickly gets rid of even "difficult" grime, without scrubbing. Solvol's kind to sensitive young skin. And Solvol is so much longer-lasting,



and whenever
YOU wash
YOUR hands
use **SOLVOL**

YOU CAN'T
OVER-WEAR
THIS UNDERWEAR!

Confused washing doesn't age Nile Athletic Singlets. They're woven for WEAR from selected Egyptian yarn. Prices, 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6. Also Nile Junior Athletic Singlets for boys, 1/6.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE



ATHLETIC SINGLETS

BE WELL-DRESSED UNDERNEATH

Needlework
Notions

For your luncheon table a . . .

WATERLILY SET

• Here is something different in luncheon sets—a place mat set in a waterlily design. Imagine how lovely it would look on a polished wood table!

The set can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The centre mat measures 17 by 17 inches, the plate-mats 11 by 11 inches, and the cup-and-saucer mats 5 by 5 inches. Serviettes to match are also obtainable in size 11 by 11 inches. Larger sizes are available on application to our Needlework Department.

Prices are:—
Nine-piece set comprising one centre, four plate-mats and four

cup-and-saucer mats 6/9 complete, plus 3d. postage.
Thirteen-piece set comprising one centre, six plate-mats and six cup-and-saucer mats 8/9 complete, plus 3d. postage.

Cottons for working the waterlily design are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 23d. a skein. About ten skeins would be required to complete the set.

The waterlily design is quite simple to work. Simply do the outline of the flower in buttonhole and use stem-stitch for the veins, and either french knots or eyelets for the centres of the flowers.

To hold your cosmetics . . .

MOST useful are these cosmetic bags for holding all your make-up items neatly in your handbag. They can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidering on cream, blue, or green linora.

All you have to do to make the bags is cut, stitch, and work. No 2 design should be completed with a narrow cord to match the color of material chosen.

No. 1 design measures 6 by 11 inches when completed, and No. 2 measures 9 by 9 inches.

Prices are 1/4 each, plus 1d. for postage.

When ordering, state which design you require.

PETTICOAT
AND BLOOMERS

DESIGNED for the tiny tot, this dainty petticoat and also the matching bloomers are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Both are traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidering on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, green or lemon, and also on floral flannellette in cream, pale blue, and pale pink.

Shoes and prices are:
Petticoat: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 2/8; 4 to 6 years, 2/10.

Bloomers: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 1/6; 4 to 6 years, 1/9. Or complete set, petticoat and bloomers: 2 to 4 years, 3/11; 4 to 6 years, 4/1. All items plus 2d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/-.
Transfer for embroidery, 1/- extra.
Stranded cottons for working, price 2/4d. a skein.



No 29

THIS PETTICOAT and matching bloomers are available in winceyette or floral flannellette. Both traced with pattern and embroidery design.

Careers
for GIRLS
& LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
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Story Writing	Designing
Journalism (Flood)	Shire Clerk
Advertisement Wg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
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Mail This Coupon: But Here —
TO STOTT'S nearest address, see list.
I should like details of your course/in

MY NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
A.W.W. 1640

Uncomfortably
Overweight

Fat, Headachy and Pimply

The chronic, stubborn feeling of constipation makes you very uncomfortable. People who are too fat are often victims of bilious attacks, sick headaches, indigestion and bloated, pimply skin. The fermenting poisons of food wastes become absorbed by the blood and cause these unhealthy symptoms. Good looks, good temper, health, fitness and attractiveness are lost or seriously impaired.

Get regular activity into your digestive system and liver by taking Pinkettes. These tiny, effective laxative and liver pills painlessly exercise and strengthen lax bowels and clear away the poisonous waste accumulations. In this natural way you will see your unhealthy fat and pimples vanishing as you become regular in the essential daily habit. Bilious attacks and sick headaches will disappear and you will feel fit, vital and good tempered again. All chronic and store sell Pinkettes. 1/3 bottle.

A WONDERFUL OFFER

Reduce your Hips, Waist and Bust

3 inches in 10 days

with the New Wonder Latex Girdle

OR IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY!

SENT ON
10 DAYS
FREE
TRIALActual Size of
PerforationsFROM THIS
TO THIS

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

The perforated Latex Girdle is constructed so that the large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work, or sit. Its massage-like action gently and surely eliminates fat with every move you make.

WE HAVE SUCH CONFIDENCE IN OUR GIRDLES THAT WE SEND THEM ON 10-DAYS FREE TRIAL. POSTAGE PAID

WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. YOU DO NOT RISK ONE PENNY

The new Latex wonder Girdle banishes figure faults and imparts a charming appearance as soon as wrapped on. After having massaged away the superfluous fat, it leaves your figure shapely and more supple, your health improved. The girdle can then be worn as a foundation garment which clings to your figure as a second skin giving a most graceful appearance.

Don't Delay! Reduce the Way Doctors Recommend. Prove without cost to yourself, quickly and definitely in 10 days, that our very efficient girdle will do all we say. Try it for 10 days. You will be the sole judge.

* THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO.
SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO., ST DYMOCK'S BUILDING,
428 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

He's got a VIROL
constitution —your child
needs one too

Thousands of children are relying on their robust Virol Constitutions to protect them against illnesses.

Virol is a complete food — it provides all the elements, including the vitamins and mineral salts, needed for sturdy growth and sure protection.

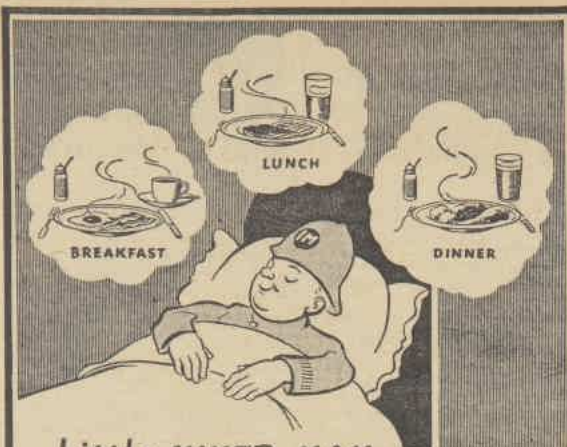
A spoonful of Virol regularly after meals gives an all-round increase in fitness from the beginning. And the benefits last.

Arm your child against infections of all kinds — give him a Virol constitution.



VIROL





Little INNER MAN,
you've had a busy day!

"Breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea," says the poet, "are all the human frame requires." But they're not. The human frame requires Mustard too—otherwise this piling up of meals is simply piling up trouble. But Mustard does something no other condiment can do so well and so cheaply—it definitely starts your digestion working. You know what an appetite Mustard gives you—how it literally "makes your mouth water"—well, that is actually the first stage of digestion on which all the others depend. Mustard helps the digestion to do its work thoroughly and to do it quickly, so that it has time to rest before starting work again. Nature made Mustard to go with meat—and Nature knows!

MEAT *needs*
MUSTARD

—KEEN'S Mustard

WHAT ELSE?

Meat is the most important food to eat Mustard with, but it's not the only one. Fish, for example—nearly every kind of fish is made more appetising and more digestible when it's eaten with Mustard. With poultry, Mustard is most important. And everyone who's ever tried Mustard with cheese would never eat Mustardless cheese again.



Joe Crooks, known throughout Cuckoo-burra as Uncle Joe, is General Manager, Presentation Manager, and Studio Director of "RADIO CUCKOOBURRA."



Aunt Phoebe Fish, in charge of the Women's Section on "RADIO CUCKOOBURRA," is in private life Mrs. Conway Fish.

LISTEN IN TO
RADIO CUCKOOBURRA
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"Oh! Reggie"
A RIOT OF FUN FOR
ALL THE FAMILY!

Meet REGINALD FYSH, the ne'er-do-well son of a rich London stockbroker, and his valet, MERRYWEATHER. Innocents in Australia! They snarl! They starve! They ride! They fall in love! In fact, they live!

They are played by BARRETT LENNARD and LOU VERNON. Supported by the comedy cast of the year!

Mon., Tues., Wed.,
at 7.15 p.m. **2GB**

INFLUENZA . . . How to avoid—

PATIENT: Doctor, is there anything that one can do to prevent catching influenza? There seems to be such a lot of it about at present.

DOCTOR: By taking certain precautions it is possible for a person to lessen his chances of catching the flu. Much more could be done to prevent the trouble spreading, however, if those persons already afflicted could be induced to take care that they, in turn, don't infect others.

Influenza is a highly infectious disease, and is most infectious in its early stages.

If each person would only retire to bed immediately he suspects he is getting flu instead of "carrying on" as the majority of people insist on doing, the number of flu victims would be considerably smaller.

Influenza is caused by a virus which is thought to enter the body by way of the nose and throat. Influenza can be spread, as colds are spread, by sneezing and coughing.

Many cases of influenza would be prevented if all people could be persuaded to cough and sneeze into their handkerchiefs instead of spraying their "germs" broadcast, to be picked up by the next person.

Experiments have shown that when germ-laden matter from the nose and throat is coughed or sneezed out it can be very rapidly and widely distributed.

People who already have flu are often very inconsiderate of others. Likewise people suffering from "the common cold."

In many cases a more serious disease may start with just a "cold," yet people with colds refuse to isolate themselves or take precautions against handing it on to others.

In our crowded modern life it is very difficult to avoid close contact with other people.

We rub against one another in the streets and are herded together in trams, trains, or enclosed subways.

As if such daily contact were not enough, at night we stream into enclosed picture shows and theatres. Is it any wonder that once an infectious disease appears in the community it is liable to assume epidemic proportions very quickly, unless deliberately checked?

The most obvious step in the prevention of flu is to avoid contact with persons who are known to be ill and to keep away from crowds which may include inconsiderate carriers of infection.

Apart from this it is possible to increase your resistance to flu and other infections by keeping physically above par and maintaining a high standard of health.

It is usually the person who is fatigued, run down, or otherwise in a poor physical condition who is unable to resist the influenza virus.

Early hours and sufficient sleep will enable you to establish a reserve supply of energy which will prove useful should you be exposed to infection.

A little attention to the nature



THIS young lady is wisely lunching on the best foods for building resistance against influenza and other diseases—milk, fruit, and wholemeal bread.

of the food you eat will strengthen your system against disease. There are certain "protective" foods which are of great importance in this respect.

Vitamins and minerals especially are necessary, and a diet based on milk, eggs, cheese, meat, fresh fruit and salad vegetables and whole-grain cereals will help you considerably to resist disease.

It is usually the poorly nourished person who "picks up" everything that is going about, while a well-nourished person on a balanced diet in most cases is immune.

The habit of filling the lungs with fresh air every morning as soon as you rise—say ten deep breaths—helps build up bodily health and resistance.

Influenza appears under a variety of symptoms. It may start with a running nose and eyes, as an ordinary cold. Usually it begins with a feeling of general malaise and weariness, with an aching feeling in the bones.

Sometimes there is extreme dryness of the mouth and throat, accompanied by a distressing cough. Usually, but not always, a person getting flu will feel feverish.

If you once suspect that you have contracted the flu, give in and go to bed. It is dangerous, both to yourself and others, to keep struggling on as many people do, trying to ignore the disease.

Flu refuses to be ignored, and once contracted it is impossible to fight against it.

Statistics show, too, that the death rate of influenza victims is highest among those who refuse to succumb early.

There is no cure for flu but bed and careful nursing, preferably under a doctor's supervision.

Influenza is not a trivial complaint. It may result in serious complications and leave permanent after effects. Many a case of heart disease or impaired hearing began with a bout of flu.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME...

By a Doctor

For young wives and mothers

TRUEBY KING SYSTEM

Lime-salts and good
dentition

THE importance of lime-salts and phosphorus in the diet of the babe and toddler cannot be over-estimated, as this is the important period of bone formation.

A leaflet dealing with this important subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



Choose
Pelaco Shirts
THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT... AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Pelaco SHIRTS
WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only a internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why Valcoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Valcoloid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Valcoloid with this guarantee.

HAVE A GLASS OF
GUINNESS
WHEN YOU'RE TIRED
At all Hotels and Spirit Stores



Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



A SMALL LIVING-ROOM where books play a very large part in its decoration and air of charm. Recessed shelves on either side of the fireplace are supplemented by long shelves which run along the wall on one side. The top serves as a shelf for ornaments.



A BOOK-LOVER'S BEDROOM. Although space is restricted in this room, housing has been found for a great number of books by the way the shelves have been arranged on two walls—lower on one side than the other to leave a place for four small photographic prints.

Ways you can arrange

SHELVES FOR BOOKS

Books are a decoration in themselves, or, rather, they have the faculty of giving greater charm and character to a room. But for the most informal and friendly effects arrange your books with almost apparent carelessness on impromptu-looking shelves about your room. This method is suitable for living-room, den, or bedroom.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR



THIS OLD ATTIC ROOM has been converted into a cosy den by adding a modern fireplace and putting up shelves to hold books on either side. This may give you an idea for making use of that spare lumber-room in your house. Turn it into a sanctuary where you can house all your well-loved books and read or sew undisturbed. Book arrangements like these are suitable, too, for bed-sitting-rooms.

HOORAY! I'm Happy

And so she should be, for mother keeps her safe, sure and regular with genuine Laxettes—the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

For thirty years, genuine Laxettes have been preferred by mothers and children in almost every Australian home. Free from habit-forming drugs and harsh purgatives, genuine Laxettes are a sure corrective for Faulty Elimination (incomplete bowel action).

Try a tin today; genuine Laxettes, containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum, the non-toxic and safe laxative.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO.
246 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.I.



Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

STANDARD TIN 16
Trial Size—6¢

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores



Shines like NEW! Wears like IRON!

Get your new linoleum out of a tin. Solpah's glossy finish is easy to clean—scrub-proof! It's the same Solpah Paving Paint you see wearing like iron on garden paths and steps. Fifteen lovely colors—so that you can match the color scheme of any room.

Every shop that sells paint sells Tashman's Solpah

FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anna Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me the two your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book "All About Kitchens." I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name

Address



1095

MEALS A YEAR

What will I cook them today?

FREE GIFT COUPONS FROM ANY OF THESE PRODUCTS COMBINE FOR ALL FREE GIFTS.



BIXIES
8 oz. 1 point
24 oz. 3 points



Peanut Butter or Paste
4 oz. 1 point
8 oz. 2 points
12 oz. 3 points



GRANOSE
12 oz. 1 point
24 oz. 3 points



MARMITE
1 oz. 1 point
2 oz. 2 points
4 oz. 4 points
8 oz. 6 points
16 oz. 8 points



SAN-BRAN
8 oz. 2 points



CERIX PUFFED RICE
8 oz. 1 point



CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
8 oz. 1 point
16 oz. 2 points



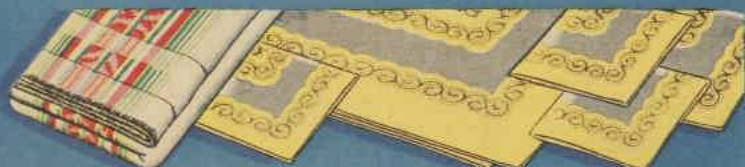
KWIC-BRU
4 oz. 2 points
8 oz. 4 points
16 oz. 8 points



WEET-BIX
12 oz. 1 point
24 oz. 3 points

Yes — the average housewife prepares 1095 meals each year. Daily . . . weekly . . . monthly . . . yearly . . . the same monotonous problem presents itself . . . 'WHAT CAN I GIVE THEM TO EAT?'

Meals are so important too, for every meal you prepare has considerable bearing on the health and happiness of each member of your family. Don't take risks . . . make sure that each meal includes a plentiful supply of Sanitarium Health Foods . . . they are genuine health foods . . . tasty, wholesome and nutritious and they furnish ALL the body's requirements at minimum cost. . . Sanitarium Health Foods will help you to good health, and the valuable Sanitarium free gifts you get in exchange for your coupons will help you to happiness.



Brightly colored Australian towels, in blue, green and red colors guaranteed fast. 22 x 44. Postage 6d. **ea. 53 pts.**

Supper Set, with 4 Serviettes, in attractive Art Silk design, white and three pastel shades, ivory, lemon and pale green (state preference). 33 x 52 ins. **195 points. Postage 6d.**



Excel Electric Toaster guaranteed, heavily nickel-plated, rust-proof. Packing & postage 1/3. **391 points.**



DESSERT KNIFE: 18 points
DESSERT FORK: 14
TEASPOON: 16
Postage 3d. each.
All high grade quality.



Plain white 12-sided Bread & Butter Plate (diam. 6 1/2 ins.) for 8 points. Postage, 2d.



Agor Pyrex Oval Casserole Dish, guaranteed 12 months. 11 pint, for 184 points. Packing and postage 1/6.

WHAT TO DO!

All gifts are available at the following addresses: **STONEY** 11 Moore Street; **MELBOURNE** 107 York Street; **BRISBANE** 107 York Street; **PERTH** 107 York Street; **SYDNEY** 107 York Street; **MELBOURNE** 107 York Street; **BRISBANE** 107 York Street; **PERTH** 107 York Street; **SYDNEY** 107 York Street.

IMPORTANT—

Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Sanitarium
HEALTH FOODS